War Diary of an American Woman

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William the Second

WAR DIARY OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

TO THE PROCLAMATION OF THE HOLY WAR

1914

BY

JOUETT JEFFRIES

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WAR DIARY
OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

Geneva, Switzerland, June 28th, 1914. The dreaming, drifting summer days, by the blue waters of Lake Leman, are rudely shaken by the ominous report that comes thundering over the Alps of the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Throne of the Dual Monarchy, in the Bosnian City of Sarajevo.

All the world stands aghast at the accomplished deed of a Servian serf, a deed that adds one more drama of sorrow to the grief-bowed Monarch of the Austrian realm and stabs the twain country a heart thrust, that is soon to sound the trumpet call of war over the length and breadth of Europe.

Unto the royal dead, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Consort, the Duchess of Hohenberg, all honor is given midst traces and trappings of wo and the entire world renders sympathy to the aged Emperor's court and country while far-seeing seers, gazing at War clouds, watch and wait the effect and verdict of a nation's grief and grievance.

To those not in the scheme of things, only silence seems to follow, the dead-death silence, the re-action, the torpor, the dazedness of tragedy hangs heavy over the Empire of Emperor Joseph.

What his Majesty's Ministers of State plan as their note to Servia, to the world at large, is only a matter of conjecture.

July 15th. Seemingly all goes well, the tocsin of war fades far and faint. The summer days are on the land, woods call, mountains beckon, sea lures, the Prince and pauper, and all the work-a-day world, of every clime and nation, Monarchy and Republic, and from oversea, fare forth to the lure of a summer in Arcady!

The German Emperor as is His Majesty's wont seeks rest and recreation in the Fjords of the Norsemen and the President of France makes his first official visit to the capital of all the Russias.

July 24th. It is the 24th of July in Southern Tyrol where Austria and Italy join hands over the great, glorious Dolomitian range, the wonder-country of all Europe, where the snow-topped, vari-colored mountain peaks keep guard over smiling vineyards and sweet smelling fields.

In the twinkling of an eye all is changed, over the peace and plenty of the land, loom heavy clouds; heavens roar forth their thunder midst clash and cracks, as if all the Gods of Heaven called to all the Sons of men the War Cry.

We get out of our country fastnesses, to the quaint, picturesque half Italian "Levico" and hear that for the murder of even an unliked, uncrowned head (for the policies of the Archduke were not popular with all peoples) the Austro-Hungarian Government, on the 24th of July, presented her note to Servia, in which it is explained and ex-

pressed that the direct connection between the murder at Sarajevo and the Pan-Servian movement, has not only been countenanced, but *actively supported* by the Servian Government.

The demand, the request is for a complete cessation of this agitation, punishment of the guilty and as necessary guarantee the presence and participation of the Austrian officials at the examination on Servian territory and the final dissolution of Pan-Servian Societies agitating against Austria-Hungary.

The Imperial and Royal Government have given 48 hours for the unconditional acceptance of its demands.

What less, what more moderate demands could an outraged nation ask in atonement?

Groups of Austrian, Italian peasants crowd the village, garrison soldiers hurry to and fro and idle folk, push into cafés, and crowd street corners with questioning eyes for news of the far away, for news that might menace the golden days of their golden harvest.

We get hold of our "Cocchiere," and go on our way, under the stars, and listen to the silence of the great mountains and with all the world beautiful around and about feel the assurance of peace.

The military band plays; soft breezes carry the scent of rose blossoms; the moon flashes silver on fantastic Dolomites and these diverse people who have found this beauty realm of the Southern Tyrol feel no fear for the morrow.

July 25th. Our pleasures do not hold us. We can not keep to our lazy loafing time, some insistent inner voice urges us to be watchful of news and we join the crowds of harvesters, village beauties and sun-kissed children, that gather about news-vendors, follow postmen and hang around telegraph stations.

At last! Our patience has been rewarded, the papers tell us that on yesterday, the 23rd, after the note was sent, Koudacheff, Russian Chargé d'affaires in Vienna, asked for a longer term to answer and vague rumors come by wire that the Servian Government has started its mobilization.

Suspense and suspicion are rife. Crime back of crime and plot within plot, threaten the peace of all Europe and the "to be or not to be" of the hour has been and *is* Russia, the power behind the Servian Throne.

The Romanoff holds the destiny of all nations in the hollow of his hands. What will he do with it?

"*Does* Russia want war?" is the burning question of the hour.

July 28th. There *is* War and Rumors of War! Every moment of these days is troubled, one thinks war, speaks war, dreams war, dreads war.

Into our Garden of Eden has crept and crawled the Serpent of Strife.

Even the veriest idler idles badly and one and all hie many a time a day to the market place for news.

On the 25th of July at six p.m. the term ex-

pired and on the 26th the Servian Government rendered a reply complying with some of the Austria-Hungary conditions, but so plainly showing in all essentials, by procrastination and proposals of new negotiations, the plan to escape the just demands of the Monarchy, that the Austrian Government discontinues her diplomatic relations with Servia.

Why play and parley? Why further dally with Servian assurances, whose value, to her loss she has largely experienced?

From this moment of forced decision in forced defence of her national life, Austria is at War with Servia and proclaims this fact on this 28th day of July, 1914.

The hand of the Moscovite has pressed the button. The dogs of war are let loose.

What will it mean? Where will it end, this declaration of war?

What of our astute diplomatists who claim a pen greater than a sword? What of the Hague and its annual summer gatherings of peace-makers? What of the powers that guide and guard? What of the apostle of peace in the Western hemisphere backed by a mighty Republic? Will these—will all these stand by and watch the Cossack break arms and call for her Allies?

July 30th, 1914. We hear that the last passenger trains are to go through, and that all communications, post and telegraph, will be taken over by the military authorities.

There is Switzerland and Italy to fly to, but

Italy, if she keeps her troth, will soon be under arms and the Alps offer only an asylum, or isolation from kind and kindred, so we hurry to Munich to be in touch with events and friends.

In haste, we fling our goodbyes, to the mountainland of beauty, and the train crawls through passes and crevices, into the half-Italian, half-Austrian Trento where we get but scant news, but get on our way to Munich.

We feel relieved when we have gotten to the centre of things.

All sorts and conditions of folk and nations crowd the cars, French coming from Italy, Germans from their play-ground of the Swiss land, and Americans from everywhere, all disturbed and distressed. We hear on all out-going steamships there is not a berth to be had.

Can all this have a semblance of truth? Or are these holiday makers panic-stricken by their plight and presence in a land of strife.

We arrive worn and weary, no porters to carry our baggage, all is hustle and bustle, confusion worse confounded, the world seems let loose in the station of Munich. We push through the crowds to arrive in a hotel, so well-ordered and with such tranquillity and assurances of well-being, that our fears are quelled, and in the "wee sma' hours" we settle down to our night of peace.

July 31*st.* The sun shines down on this Bavarian city, and the quiet of a midsummer day broods over houses and hamlets.

Music, the magic of music, that calls unto all, to come and hear, begins its reign. It is the first series of the Ring and motors come and go to bring the devotees to the kingdom of Wagner.

There are no martial marches, no military in the great broad streets, only Art and Artists and idlers on pleasure bent.

Was yesterday a dim dark dream?

But, unwittingly, fears, sub-conscious fears, beset us and we decide to make for Berlin to know the best,—*or* the worst of the rumors that rush through the air.

In hurried haste we gather bag and baggage, and get to the train. Such a scene! It beggars description! Pandemonium!

The seven ages of man and of woman, from swaddling clothes to the hoary haired, are clamoring to get on board—anyway—to anywhere!

Transportation is the cry. Why this roar? The terrible truth comes forth, that it may be the last passenger train out of Munich.

The one conclusion is: the Czar does not accept the Servian situation and a German-Russian war is imminent.

It is in the air; one sees it; one feels it, in the mad rush of everyone and everything.

Although we have engaged a compartment there is hardly standing room, and all the night through it is breathing space we clamor for. An officer, done for, travel-stained and mud-bespattered, gives us seating accommodation out of his kit.

There are the mountain climbers, the school

children, the men of affairs, the professors and preachers, the sun-brown soldier-men and the stranger within their gates and this trainload of anxious humanity, homeward bound, settle down patiently in the long watches of the night, as we rush and push through country and towns on our way to Berlin.

August 1st. This morning of August 1st dawns bright and fair, as we steam and speed through green fields and pastures new and the rich woodlands encircling the Capital of the Germans. A land of peace and plenty, with all the quiet, countryside going their wonted ways in the early morning hours!

And, it is only by looking into the tired and eager faces of our fellow travellers that we remember the dark, dreary night dream now born into a reality.

It is too strange to be true!

The iron horse pulls us into the station. At last we are arrived.

Doubtless, in the world's history, events of such import have never succeeded one another so rapidly and ruthlessly, as on the 30th and 31st of July, 1914.

Chroniclers in days to come will draw many a pen over many a page before they can give to the children of men, this picture of kaleidoscopic events which blind the eye and blur the brain.

Russia has dictated to her Servian serfs and now proceeds with her game of the world's pawns.

From the 28th of July, from the very beginning of the Austro-Servian conflict, Germany has as-

sumed the position that her duty lies in localizing the war, and towards convincing other powers, that Austria-Hungary *had* to appeal to arms in justifiable *self-defence,* forced upon her by conditions.

No civilized country or Ally has the *right* to stay the arm of Austria in this struggle with barbarism and political crime and simultaneously the Austrian Government informs Russia that their action against Servia is *only* a *defensive* measure, against Servian agitation, and that it has no intention of shifting the balance of Power in the Balkans.

With the German declaration to localize the conflict, both the French and English promise to act in the same direction.

But it seems on the 24th, Russia officially declares she could not remain indifferent to the conflict, which resulted in reiterated statements from Germany that she only wished Peace at her frontiers and from Servia that it claimed no territorial gain.

On St. Petersburg then rests the decision for the peace of the world.

The hand that holds the sceptre is to wield the power for good or evil and decide the fate and destinies of many peoples and of many nations.

The War Lord,* as Emperor William II of Ger-

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*War Lord, Kriegsherr, in German means leader of the army, which is a constitutional right. For the matter of that, the President of the United States is the "War Lord" of his country. As a matter of fact, Lincoln as the President had more absolute control of the American army than has the German Emperor, who is a strictly constitutional ruler.

many has oft been styled, has proved in these days of high tension to be the Peace god.

To the onlooker in this foreign land one fact stands firm—that Russia has been guilty of flirting with the peace terms and diplomatic relations of Germany in order *to gain time to secretly mobilize,* and like the flirt with only one aim, to play and cheat.

While Germany was striving and straining to bring forth peace the Czar had, unknown to the Kaiser, ordered mobilization. The interchange of telegrams between these two potentates are published as official documents in the German White Book and speak for themselves.

Shoulder to shoulder with England, Germany labored incessantly to swing back the pendulum of war but accumulation of Russian troops all over Germany's Eastern frontier and a declaration of war over the Franco-German frontier banished further doubts as to the ultimate intentions of Nicolaus although simultaneously all such measures were *denied* on *word of honor* to the Kaiser's representative at St. Petersburg.

Acting upon this information the Kaiser telegraphed the Czar, calling his attention to the menacing character of the Russian mobilization during the continuance of his own mediating activities and on the 23rd of July wires the Czar stating his knowledge of these questionable dealings and in the face of this that his "mediation has become almost illusory."

In spite of all these warnings and implications

Russia makes no changes in her plans and preparations and on the 31st July the German Emperor telegraphs his cousin:—

"I have gone to the extreme limit of the possible in my efforts for the preservation of the peace of the world.

"It is not *I* who bear the responsibility for the misfortune which now threatens the entire civilized world.

"It rests in your hands to avoid it! The peace of Europe can still be preserved by *you,* if Russia decides to discontinue those military preparations which menace Germany and Austro-Hungary."

At two o'clock the same day the Czar telegraphed:—

"I confide with all my faith in the grace of God, and I hope for the success of your mediation in Vienna—and for the welfare of our countries and the peace of Europe."

At *this* time, at *this* moment, Russian mobilization was in full swing and after it became known in Berlin the Imperial Ambassador in St. Petersburg was instructed on the afternoon of July 31st to explain to the Russian Government that Germany would declare war as a counter-measure, followed by mobilization unless Russia cease her military measures within *twelve* hours and notify Germany thereof.

It is stated that General von Moltke, Chief-of-the-General-Staff, urged this upon Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor, knowing full well that further peace and patience would lose Germany and the

Germans many hours of useful, important mobilization.

At the same time the Imperial Ambassador in Paris was instructed to demand from the French Government a declaration within eighteen hours, whether it would remain neutral in a Russo-German war.

The results of these efforts and failures on the part of the ruler of the German people are now, only too well-known.

So, we arrive in Berlin, after our hurried journey from the Southern Tyrol, to find that in a few hours, the sword of Damocles will have fallen.

To the onlooker, the outsider, the absolute outsider, the men and women from the far-away world over-seas, to those that have eyes to see and ears to hear, writ, in big black letters, is treason and treachery, to the German Father and his Fatherland.

To the veriest non-partisan, who may think in his American mind of this as a "European scrap" —even to him, it is all too evident.

It is four p.m. We have been to the American Embassy. Throngs upon throngs demanding news and direction, excited, hurried people!

The last train goes through to Flushing to-night.

After all our rush and steady travel, we are too late for it and have no passports.

All the officials and they are well-trained men, diplomatic, military, and naval representatives under Mr. Gerard, the Ambassador of the United States, all these are sanguine.

The Empress of Germany

There is still time, some hours yet for Russia to stave off the blow of blade and bastion and like a drowning man who catches at straws, we hope in these bitter hours.

We go to our rooms in the Hotel Adlon, overlooking Unter den Linden, to rest, to collect our scattered brains, and to try to believe from assurances and re-assurances that no hand of might and main *could* have the desire to light a torch that will undoubtedly start a conflagration, that will blaze out, from North to South, from East to West.

But they wot not, whereof they spoke or hoped.

5.30 p.m. It is all over, the die is cast!

Russia sends no answer. The time limit has expired! War is proclaimed from the house-tops and the market places.

And later, we learn at this moment Russian troops cross the German frontier and march into German territory. Incredulous traitorship.

Russia *begins the war.*

Uneasy for ever must lie the head that wears this crown, and woebetide, the hand and heart that gives battles and battalions their being!

On this same memorable afternoon France answers—"that France will do what our interest demands."

Pen can't write, words can't describe, sights and scenes before us.

The great broad avenues of great Berlin, are crowded to overflowing with a cheering, clamoring throng as the Crown Prince on his way to the

Chancellor, motors by, calling out to right, to left, "Mobil."

The word is wildfire, it ignites the populace. The enthusiasm is enormous. And then comes the Emperor, who is to give his speech in Parliament with his never-to-be-forgotten message to his people.

"We have now no different parties. We are all one party. *We are Germans!*" And all Germany in answer stands up like one man.

Prince and peasant, from lowlands and highlands, statesman, socialist, soldier and seaman, young men and old men, rich and poor, all—all join hands and heart in indissolidable union.

There is no dissension, no discord, it is Union—a great grand union, of brain and brawn!

There is no turning back now. Forward! is the watchword. Forward to victory and God bless our arms, for *in* God and their country's right these Teutons most firmly give their troth and trust.

And, ten thousand times ten thousand voices, rise in the midnight air, chanting "Die Wacht am Rhein."

This is what we see—this is what we hear—on this fateful night the sequence of whose day's events will bring sorrow and suffering victims and victories to the sons of men and change the politics and policies and swing and sway the destinies of nations into a changed map of Europe.

August 2nd. Yesterday afternoon France gave her answer by mobilizing her army and navy and to-days opens hostilities.

The Teuton, then is in warfare, with the Slav and the Latin!

In nations, as in individuals, one seeks the "motif" the main-spring of movement.

France féminine has her national amour propre! She wants back her jewels; Alsace and Lorraine must sparkle again in her diadem.

This and this only is doubtless France's "just cause" and the "why and wherefore" of her hoarding her gold, for the French are more or less peace-loving, pleasure-loving; they *want* their life, they *want* their gains which warfare robs and ruins.

And Russia. *Is* Russia bought and paid for by France settling her war debts or is she but a link in a great chain of complications and compacts?

Time only will reveal these secret stories of statecraft.

Austria is on the defensive for her territory.

Germany for her Fatherland and fireside.

These are the four great nations in battle array, drawn up by the Entente and Alliance.

Italy on the one side, England on the other, silently watch and wait.

The unbelieved and unbelievable has happened. We are in a country at war.

What is war?

We know it by song and by story, and tales of old, *but* the war of to-day—*what* means it? with man's inventions of the last decade. Death-dealing weapons of earth and sky and sea, and mighty ships on the mighty oceans!

To think of, to picture the modern battlefield, is hell let loose.

Every stranger within the gates of Berlin, is dazed beyond words at the quick-firing events of the last twenty-four hours and every man, woman and child of them cries "Westward Ho."

But Berlin is already under martial law. Mars —the great god Mars, reigns supreme.

Passenger trains and traffic are stopped by the War Minister.

We must face the serious situation; there is no way out. We are trapped, so to speak. Americans to the number of one-hundred thousand in Germany, and, at least, twenty-five thousand in Berlin, are caught in the country.

The Embassy is beseiged by a seething mass; passports are the thing to secure safety.

These are grave times, the present is dark and one has misgivings of a darker future.

We go to the telegraph to get a message home; it is difficult; nothing is accepted except in the German language and then most carefully perused. Ours is returned with a red line through although it is only personal.

Everything is under "censorship" and strict surveillance; no post accepted. We must try to realize conditions and also, there will, most probably, be the difficult question of finance.

But, so much is passing to and fro, to claim our keen attention that worry over personal prospects is forgotten.

There is movement to the right and to the left of us.

The same crowds of patriots that broke forth in their patriotic songs of the night before are also, a well-ordered, well-working machine.

Germany is no sluggard. She is alert. If she is not quick to anger, she is quick to action.

The word "Mobil" does not ring out for naught. In *twelve* hours after the order is given, one-hundred thousand troops are passing through the City, forty-eight thousand horses are ordered out by the military and twelve thousand Red Cross men are leaving with their out-fits.

There is no haste or hitch.

It is incredible, the electric spark has been set to all departments; and all moves with decision and like clockwork.

It has come so quickly about, it is all so uncanny —so unreal—that one feels as if one had wandered unwittingly into some moving picture show.

We are to witness the remarkable spectacle of the moving of a great army.

The moment is intense.

Motors hurry up and down the streets, throwing leaflets "official extras," to the hungry groups.

Crowds collect, crowds rush from pillar to post; but it is such a well-ordered populace; no disputes and wild gesticulations and vain boastings.

The street scenes, the street cries of Berlin at this critical moment of the nation's capital are well worth seeing, well worth hearing.

The Vox Populi gives forth one cry of indignation against the enemy outside the gates; one cry of God and guard within and with such a power and pressure of enthusiasm push onward and forward by righteous wrath. What can Germany *not* do in crossing swords in a most righteous cause?

And over all there is a master spirit, a master hand, in the personality of one born to the purple. In Potsdam is the Kaiser, in the near-by Schloss. To His Majesty goes all praise,—for his *personal* magic, that has melted and merged all parties into one and which proves to the world the unity of his people, in which, there is no hint of hesitation of being, one of heart, of soul, and of body, in the Germany around the Kaiser!

And now the troops are marching by, bright of face, clean of limb, stout of heart, brave in their new field uniform of dull dark grey, or rather mud-color, spick and span from top to toe and to the notes of music and clink of sword, they go forth to the fight, to be food for the cannon and there is no sign or signal of aught, but courage and confidence in every mother's son of them. One sees they hear nothing, heed nothing, want nothing, but Victory.

This is the first day for the call of the reserves. Trains and traffic everywhere, not for pleasure or commerce, only for soldiers and soldiery.

One hundred-thousand Germans have left Paris over Belgium for their "ain countree" to escape the French mob and the Dutch get to Holland and eight-thousand motors are shipped to the French

frontier, *Mark Brandenburg,* and the German troops are already marching in Luxemburg.

The French Embassy is just opposite us and there is much excitement, with the crowd pressing outside its portals guarded by the guardians of the law.

Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, has been given his passport and is leaving under the protection of the Government, and the really beautiful Embassy of France has all light extinguished and curtains drawn.

One remembers the proverb of Solomon that "Hatred stirreth up strife."

The German cruiser "Augsburg" has bombarded and put Libau in Russia on fire.

War *is* a fact.

Rumor has it that a French motor loaded with gold for Russia is on its way through the city with two women of high degree.

Secret police everywhere.

Now in the early night there is a mob in the streets below. They are arresting Russian spies who have secreted bombs.

One feels as if one was living in old historic times, in the times one reads about, on a quiet evening at home and all this has come in *just two days.*

August 3rd. Another busy, busy day wakes to life. Has it ever slept? The tramp, tramp of the soldier boys is never ceasing. We must be up and

doing. We mean to bide our time and then set sail for the "land of the free." Little we know the difficulties ahead; but the yellow coin is what we most need now to help against haps and mishaps, that might come in a moment's change of events. We pass the Russian Embassy; the last are leaving with frightened faces, as they get into a "Droschke." A man, with long dishevelled hair and beard, and the woman by his side, are trembling for their very lives, in the Unter den Linden.

The crowd is great; they gaze at these people of a hostile nation; but there is no shouting, no hissing, no insult—all is quiet, all is order. Remarkable. One gets the impression that Germans have been trained to attend to their own business.

At the banks we are astonished to find that we are cut off from money as well as from home. Our Letters-of-Credit are not accepted. We go to all banks and meet with the same refusal, except the Dresdener, which is doing its utmost to help out everyone, even by small amounts, fifty to one-hundred and fifty Marks being about the largest sums given, a great concession and accommodation.

Everyone is confused by this new aspect of affairs. American Express Cheques are not cashed and two women standing by us having large letters on Brown, Shipley & Co., London, are also refused.

What does this mean? England withdrawing her gold, *her* credit.

One fears the worst,—but one can't give credence to what one fears, and I remember in Paris on the 26th day of May we could get no gold in change, the reason given, the politics, the political situation. Was France then mobilizing her finances? Of course, yes.

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Gerard, and the Embassy staff are working with head and heart to relieve and arrange the situation and *such* a strange situation it is. No way to get out of the city and no way to live in it. Everyone is caught unprepared. It is rather terrifying; but surely in a few days things will right themselves. However, it will be very hard on many.

There are women with parties of as many as twenty girls "seeing Europe," families with children, anxious to get them out of the danger zone; invalids who have come for their health, bankers with great interests at stake, aghast, at the prospect; those with small savings who have stinted for many a year to see what they have read about; the capitalist off on his vacation, rich man, poor man, all suddenly without funds. One cannot borrow; there is no one to borrow from. Washington must come to our aid, and, at once, to cope with the situation. Cables are sent.

Out of the counting-house into the street. At this history-making time there are many who may fret and fume over privations, and being kept in "durance vile"; but there are also privileges, one must recognize and realize that it is a very wonder-

ful thing to be present at the passing of such stirring, epoch-making events, and to get the near view-point of what others will only read of; for it is all beyond the dreams and dread of human ken.

Would that I could paint a picture that all the world might see.

The German mobilization, is one of the greatest movements of people that the world has ever seen. Nearly four-million men have to be transported from every part of the Empire to her borders.

There is a hurrying of thousands and hundreds of thousands of soldiers and transporting of material of every sort.

German discipline, once so slandered, now celebrates its triumph.

There are no deserters, no shirkers, no cowards, and volunteers come in far exceeding the number that can be used. They come from all classes, the nobility, university students, farmers, merchants, artists too and singers, and from all creeds, the Protestants, the Catholics, the Jews, the flower of youth and the boy scouts, *all* swell the ranks, no calling hangs back. What a spectacle! And, by this time the army is increased to many times its normal mobilization.

If, this continues, only "les inutiles" and the too young, and the too old, will be left behind; but *even* they refuse to accept the—No—and if, unsuccessful in one regiment, try another. This is the ardor of all born under the German flag! It is the

medical man, that some fear, and I heard of a lad to-day whose answer may go down in history:

"A brave young lad of sixteen years
Enlists like all the rest,
The doctor tells him that he fears,
Too narrow is his chest.

"'Tis broad enough to stop a ball,
'Twill only be my loss;
And if God wills, it's broad enough
To wear the Iron Cross."

Can one conquer a country made of such stuff? No, ten thousand times—No! So Germany, all Germany is mobilized, as well as the Army and Navy. And to-day they begin to march out by the thousands, infantry, cavalry, artillery from Berlin, Potsdam and Spandau, the garrisons within reach, and probably from all the others in Germany.

The scene beggars description. They are not sent off with weeping and wailing. The streets swarm with enthusiasts who are tremendously in earnest, singing "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!" Hat-waving, hand-waving, cheers, as they go forth, and not one of them thinks of death and destruction—but only of victory! And so this gigantic gathering moves up and down from one end to the other of Berlin.

To the call of their leader, to the call of the trumpet, to the tap of drum and sound of fife they go. The battle cry is in the air. And they are decked out so gaily, green leaves on their helmets, green leaves on their coats, green on the horses'

harness, the waving green greetings of Hope. And half-grown girls hold out handfuls of red roses to these warriors, to wear on their breast as they march out through the Brandenburger Gate, on which the bronze Goddess of Victory upholds the Prussian Eagle, smiling down a silent benediction.

All classes and casts of regiments from the Garde-Corps to the Linientruppen, from the Uhlans, the Deathshead Hussars, the Blue Dragoons to the man in the ranks, all are joined in one common army for one common cause.

The gay insignia of silver and gold, of blue, red, of all colors, with helmets of eagles and plumes of black, and plumes of white, are transformed and transfigured into the fighting field uniform.

What master minds must be at the back of this great movement in the military holy-of-holies—the General Staff? What master builders to construct the strategy, the war plan, the war map, the all-in-all of every detail that is brought forth to perfection.

The military has become in these war days the Dictator. To its arms the country looks for defence, to the army it gives implicit obedience. In the most unimportant things, out on the borders, here in the cities the army reigns supreme and in the General Staff, this old building of fame where the great Moltke lived and died and which will stand for ever and aye, despite its ugliness, which hands down from generation to generation the archives and prestige of its heroes, it is here, the

endless work by day and by night goes on; for these men behind the gun know no hours, no holiday, in the High Court of the Chief-of-Staff General von Moltke.

Here live and learn and labor the mental army, the mind army of Germany's Empire. And on the outside all is silent. It looks like some old deserted building left to its history and memories.

We have just been to the station, for even as strangers we want to wish this mighty army host, God speed. Such organization of tram and train. Every man, everything has its allotted space and place, no pulling or pushing, or jostling or hustling as the troops go on board and it is also well ordered and orderly, one might believe that they go off to the Kaiser manœuvres.

But it is the women who have come to see their men off who have come for the "Goodbye", that makes us shudder and shake for the awful pity of it all. Sweethearts and wives that cling to each other to the very end, to the loves of their lives with blanched faces and agonized eyes, the awful fate of woman, to watch and wait, and many to weep. The men are of iron, there is no quiver of lip, or tear of eye, they are stern set in every nerve and muscle, though they give up those they hold most dear. Such Spartan people, God bless them and their cause.

On the way back we get into crowds in the Königsplatz. What an impressive scene in this impressive hour. There around the great black towering monument of Bismarck, who has stood

so firm for his country, whose iron hand is still felt, soldiers and civilians, men, women and children, with bowed heads, kneel in prayer, while the service for the army is conducted in the open.

The proud self-reliance of the ancient Chancellor, is expressed in his attitude, his left hand holds the sword firmly against his side and the right is spread upon the Charter of the foundation of the Empire and around this figure of strength at the sunset hour these people congregate for the service of prayer and to ask a blessing.

August 4th. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." But the speech, the knowledge is too astonishing and astounding for human ears and hearts to believe. England declares war. Here are the exchange of telegrams between the ruling cousins of sister nations, the official documents published by the German Government. This little, but important pamphlet is entitled:—"How the Franco-German Conflict Could Have Been Avoided."

Telegram of His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia to H. M. the King of England of July 30th, 1914.

"Am here since yesterday, have informed William of what You kindly told Me at Buckingham Palace last Sunday who gratefully received Your message.

"William, much pre-occupied, is trying his utmost to fulfil Nicolaus' appeal to him to work for

maintenance of peace and is in constant telegraphic communication with Nicolaus who to-day confirms news that military measures have been ordered by him equal to mobilization, measures which have been taken already five days ago.

"We are furthermore informed that France is making military preparations whereas we have taken no measures, but may be forced to do so any moment should our neighbors continue, which then would mean a European war.

"If You really and earnestly wish to prevent this terrible disaster, may I suggest You using Your influence on France and also Russia to keep neutral which seems to Me would be most useful.

"This I consider a very good perhaps the only chance, to maintain the peace of Europe.

"I may add that now more than ever Germany and England should lend each other mutual help to prevent a terrible catastrophe, which otherwise seems unavoidable.

"Believe me that William is most sincere in his endeavors to maintain peace, but that the military preparations of his two neighbors may at last force him to follow their example for the safety of his own country, which otherwise would remain defenceless.

"I have informed William of My telegram to You and hope You will receive My information in the same spirit of friendship which suggested them.

[signed] "Henry."

Telegram of H. M. the King of England to Prince Henry of Prussia of July 30th, 1914.

"Thanks for Your telegram so pleased to hear of William's efforts to concert with Nicolaus to maintain peace. Indeed I am earnestly desirous that such an irreparable disaster as a European war should be averted. My Government is doing its utmost suggesting to Russia and France to suspend further military preparations if Austria will consent to be satisfied with occupation of Belgrade and neighboring Servian territory as a hostage for satisfactory settlement of her demands, other countries meanwhile suspending their war preparations. Trust William will use his great influence to induce Austria to accept this proposal, thus proving that Germany and England are working together to prevent what would be an international catastrophe. Pray assure William I am doing and shall continue to do all that lies in My power to preserve peace of Europe.

[signed] "GEORGE."

Telegram of His Majesty the Emperor to H. M. the King of England of July 31st, 1914.

"Many thanks for kind telegram. Your proposals coincide with My ideas and with the statements I got this night from Vienna which I have had forwarded to London. I just received news from chancellor that official notification has just reached him that this night Nicolaus has ordered

The Crown Prince of Germany

the mobilization of his whole army and fleet. He has not even awaited the results of the mediation I am working at and left Me without any news. *I am off for Berlin to take measures for ensuring safety of My eastern frontiers where strong Russian troops are already posted.*

[signed] "WILLIAM."

Telegram of the King of England to His Majesty the Emperor, of August 1st, 1914.

"Many thanks for Your telegram last night. I sent an urgent telegram to Nicolaus expressing My readiness to do everything in My power to assist in re-opening conversations between powers concerned.

[signed] "GEORGE."

Telegram of the German Ambassador in London to the Chancellor, of August 1st, 1914.

"Sir E. Grey just asked me by telephone whether I believed to be in a position to declare that we would not attack France in a war between Germany and Russia in case France should remain neutral. I declared I believed to be able to give such an understanding.

[signed] "LICHNOWSKY."

Telegram of His Majesty the Emperor to H. M. the King of England of August 1st, 1914.

"I just received the communication from your government offering French neutrality under guarantee of Great Britain. Added to this offer was the enquiry whether under such conditions Germany would refrain from attacking France. On technical grounds My mobilization which had already been proclaimed this afternoon must proceed against two fronts east and west as prepared; this cannot be countermanded because I am sorry Your telegram came so late. *But if France offers me neutrality which must be guaranteed by the British fleet and army I shall of course refrain from attacking France and employ My troops elsewhere.* I hope that France will not become nervous. My troops on My frontier are in the act of being stopped by telegraph and telephone from crossing into France."

Telegram of the Chancellor to the German Ambassador in London of August 1st, 1914.

"Germany is ready to accept British proposal in case England guarantees with all her forces absolute neutrality of France in Russo-German conflict. German mobilization has been ordered to-day on account of Russian challenge before English proposal was known here. It is therefore now impossible to make any change in strategical distribution of troops ordered to the French frontier. *But we*

guarantee that our troops will not cross the French frontier before 7 p.m. on Monday the 3rd inst., in case England will pledge herself meanwhile.

[signed] "BETHMANN HOLLWEG."

Telegram of H. M. the King of England to His Majesty the Emperor of August 1st, 1914.

"In answer to Your telegram just received I think there must be some misunderstanding as to a suggestion that passed in friendly conversation between Prince Lichnowsky and Sir Edward Grey this afternoon when they were discussing how actual fighting between German and French armies might be avoided while there is still a chance of some agreement between Austria and Russia. Sir Edward Grey will arrange to see Prince Lichnowsky early to-morrow morning to ascertain whether there is a misunderstanding on his part.

[signed] "GEORGE."

Telegram of the German Ambassador in London to the Chancellor, of August 2nd, 1914.

"Sir E. Grey's suggestions were prompted by a desire to make it possible for England to keep permanent neutrality, but *as they were not based on a previous understanding with France* and made without knowledge of our mobilization, *they have been abandoned as absolutely hopeless.*

[signed] "LICHNOWSKY."

The essence of Germany's declarations is contained in Emperor William's telegram to the King of England of August 1st, 1914. Even if there existed a misunderstanding as to an English proposal, the Kaiser's offer furnished England the opportunity to prove her pacific disposition and to prevent the Franco-German war.

The thoughtful reader cannot help but realize that this awful world-wide catastrophe might have been averted if these three blood-related kings, each with his separate Chancellor and army chief had met face to face and talked head to head and heart to heart.

Human nature, human passions are the most subtle factor in life and have built and have broken dynasties and cannot be reckoned with over wires. They are too potent and powerful, they out-do state-craft and undo international law and he who counts without this reckoning is lost.

The revenge of France, the greed of Russia, the jealousy of England formed the Entente that sets forth to confuse and confound the nations of the world, to sacrifice the life-blood of nations, to deplete treasuries, to destroy commerce, to work high havoc from east to west.

To-day German troops are in Belgium the neutral hallway into France. Why break the neutrality? Under what law of God or man?

But Germany, as the world will some day know, is not the guilty party. French troops are known

to be massed on the Belgian frontier. Why—if France does not mean to enter for her own end and aim? This is proof positive and there is no time for dallying further with treaties. It is a life and death question. Besides, French aviators have flown across the then neutral Belgium to carry out warlike plans against the lower Rhine districts of Germany and appear above unfortified cities in South Germany seeking by throwing bombs to destroy the railways. French officers, disguised in German uniforms try to cross the Belgian-German frontier to destroy German institutions in German territory. *Who* breaks the laws of neutrality? By all this, Germany is forced to act, for her own protection.

It is really a very life and death question and already she has lost two days in mobilization to give peace negotiations every chance.

However, it will be suicidal to hesitate further!

Germany would have exposed itself to a military defeat if it had still respected the neutrality of Belgium after it had been announced that strong French detachments stand ready to march through the country against the advancement of the German army.

"He who runs may read," and in the end fair judgment *will* be given to this puzzling, perplexing question of right and wrong, for there *can* be no question, there can be only one verdict. If the game is not a fair game, then a move must be taken against an unfair one. From boy to man there will be but one answer.

Thus Germany was compelled, with great reluctance to decide to request Belgium to allow the German troops to march through Belgian territory.

The Belgian Government was assured that its interests would be conscientiously guarded, that she was to be indemnified after the war, and to retain her integrity and sovereignty.

Belgium protested, at the same time allowing, that by an agreement with France the French troops might enter Belgium. After this, and *not* until France and Belgium had broken the neutrality did the German army enter.

There was nothing Germany wanted of the Belgians but she had to prevent it being used as a gate of entrance to German territory. Belgium's answer to this assurance was refusal, or declaration of war. Not a wise act but within formal rights, so Germany after doing all in her power is forced by the action of France to strike and strike quickly, to fight for her life.

Through all this Germany had a firm belief in Great Britain's love of peace, but Great Britain asks in return for her neutrality that the German forces should not enter Belgium, as a matter of fact, in other words asks that Germany should allow French and Belgian troops to form on Belgian territory and march against her frontier, asks that England remaining neutral should take the right to put the weapons safely in the enemy's hand.

How could such a proposition be entertained? The situation was untenable, but Germany, nothing

discouraged, still earnestly continued efforts for peace and made England the following offers for her neutrality, viz: That Germany would leave unmolested the maritime commerce of France and not attack the Northern Coast, indemnify Belgium and safe-guard its sovereignty.

In spite of all this Great Britain declares war on Germany, and sides to-day with those Continental powers, who have united for Germany's destruction in order that Muscovite barbarism may rule Europe.

It is plain that both France and Russia desire to give to Germany the appearance of having broken the peace. Did Germany ever want war? ever want to break the peace?

One arrives at an argument,—"if there's a will, there's a way."

There were no end of excuses, before the tragedy in Sarajevo brought its consequences, that Germany could have used as a pretext to bring about war, if war was the thing she was looking for. But Eternal Peace was the ambition of the Emperor and the German people. He and his subjects had but one aim: The peace and prosperity of Europe.

Let us look at the Monarchs of Europe.

Who can show greater capacities, larger views, and greater love of peaceful progress than the German Emperor?

He has been ruling for twenty-five years, and all

this time has had the power of beginning war, at any moment, and yet, this is his first war. The time of his reign has also been the period of the greatest, uninterrupted progress of Germany, of a progress so great that it has astounded the whole world.

What other ruler can equal his record?

And from what we know of the Germans, in our own country, they would not, one and all, gather around their Kaiser unless he suited them.

With the peasant gathering in the summer's plentiful crop, the factory-hand working with accustomed vigor, with the industrial life, in full swing, and commerce on land and on high seas, bringing great gains, with envy and malice towards none, and no canker in the heart of her rose, why should Germany, successful at home and abroad, wish to take up arms and imperil her kingdom, except for her own *defence?* Why stake all to gain nothing?

If, even after strenuous struggle she saves her life, she pays a *very* dear price, in blood and coin, but it is verily, for her *very* life. She is attacked and surrounded on all sides by enemies and last, but not least, stands England. England! Who speaks the white man's language turns against her kith and kin. What a blot on the world's history, what a blow to civilization. A house divided against itself must fall. Sir Edward Grey may scheme his schemes, Lord Kitchener may plan his warfare; *but,* there is no *good* in it for them; *for* Germany's sword is clean and King George in his

early reign looks down on a great wrong done and the world of the white man is silent with shame.

It is a sorry scheme of things; it strangles hope for the civilization of the peoples of the world. And England, is the Lord High Executioner, she who raises high her church steeples, who sends forth her missionaries and plants her colonies in wilds and jungles,—by *this* single act forfeits her supremacy absolutely as a Christian nation and can no more sing her "Onward Christian Soldiers." She has cast, her lot with the Philistines.

The war meeting in Parliament has to-day given prompt and quick arrangement for the ways and means of this warfare and five milliard Marks credit is unanimously appropriated.

Everything moves so quickly and quietly that it is difficult to realize that now in eighteen hours three-hundred and eighty thousand reserves are leaving with artillery, and six-thousand horses are passing through the streets to be transported. Procession after procession of wagons with field guns and war ammunition, drawn by four horses with the green leaves bobbing on their heads and green branches decorating the heavy projectiles are heavily dragged through the streets to be shipped to the borders.

And, the great vanguard moves on and on,—such system prevails. And system must win every day. The regiments marching in are greeted, the regiments marching out are sent off with joyful songs.

At the Embassy we get the news that England has cut the cables to America. Thus we are absolutely cut off and almost panic prevails; but there is a rumor that a warship with officers and gold has been sent to help us. How we will welcome the flag of Stars and Stripes. But all strangers in Berlin and especially Americans are receiving only kindness and the most courteous treatment and every effort is being made to extend every hospitality and comfort. There is not one complaint. Hotels and pensions open wide their doors and there is no question of payment until relief comes. What more could one ask for?

The Belgian Minister is leaving his Legation which is filled with art treasures and there is much commotion at the British Embassy, for Sir Edward Goschen leaves to-night. It is late now in the evening when he is to get off. There is a large crowd under our windows for the Embassy is near. All of a sudden there is great indignation and angry surging back and forth of what comes nearer to a mob than anything we have seen. There is unrest in the streets, now black with a dense mass of humanity, controlling a suppressed fury towards England and the Englishman. A member of the British Embassy selects this critical moment to fling open the windows and toss copper coins on the heads of "these patient dogs of Germany," crying out, "Take this you German beggars," and pelting them with empty cigarette boxes. How useless, how unnecessary, how insulting! Their fury knows no bounds. Many a stone is hurled at windows,

and facade, before the mounted police can divide and scatter them and then they surround the Hotel Adlon where the secret police are arresting English citizens and the correspondent of the "Daily Mail."

England's declaration of war is to Germany the unkindest cut of all, all feel and say "Et tu Brute."

August 5th. The whole wide world stands dumbfounded and confounded before such a catastrophe. Five great nations of Europe, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Germany, France, England, with swords unsheathed, stand ready for the mightiest conflict ever known in the history of man.

It is just forty-four years ago in this same month since the Franco-Prussian war, which we read of and think of with horror. The Avenue des Morts tells the story and that war dwindles into a pigmy of battles compared with the giant forces of diverse tongues and nations which are to fight out to the bitter end the *Supremacy of Race.*

The old Field Marshall von Moltke said after the war of 1870-71 that the Germans would have to defend Alsace-Lorraine for fifty years more and Bismarck prophesied this war-cry; but neither one nor the other, though both soldier and statesman, could conjure up in their wildest dreams *such* a conflict as will gather on the plains, on the borders, in these coming weeks.

Mind of mortal man fails to grasp the greatness of it, *heart* of man quails at the awfulness of it.

Germany is absolutely surrounded by enemies.

She is edged in by hostile forces on all sides. She is like the stag at bay with the hounds in full pursuit, but from Königsberg to Constance, from Upper Silesia to the Belgium frontier, from all the multitudes there is no murmur of the faint heart, no feeling of fear.

It is, "no such word as fail," one reads in their bright blue eyes and decided faces.

There is an old saying in Germany that "He who is strong and stands alone is mightiest," and verily Germany and her only Ally stand alone.

Women offer their services to the Red Cross, and the boys, just the half-grown boys form as boy-scouts to take the field, to carry the wounded, to wait on nurses, to do the million and one things where their fleet young feet can relieve the work of men and women.

The Germans are known far and wide to be a sentimental people. It is *this,* deep down, deep-rooted in their hearts, the *deep* sentiment of the home, of the *country* that sends sends them on their way in such calmness to do the serious work that lies before them. Consequently, there is no excitement; there are no excesses, no street brawls, no disputes, as far as the populace goes all is quiet as on a Sunday afternoon in peace time.

They laugh, they joke with the children that run by their side, they all sing "Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein!"

It is almost a joyful sight, big dogs, little dogs, with bows of ribbon, of black, white and red, scam-

per about. The street vendors sell their flags, the newsboys shout the war news, and the crowd follows and among them hurry swiftly the police and the young officers, the jeunesse doreé of Berlin, the pampered darlings of fashion, they who have loved rose leaves and rose notes, who have dillied and dallied with pleasure, the sybarite in his youth and beauty, the lotus-eater, who is to prove that underneath the kid-glove is the hand of steel.

All these make up the motley strong and the shop-keeper who has offered his wares under French and English names is busy covering them with the German flag and hotels are tearing down their signs. Hotel Bristol becomes Hotel Uhl, and so on. One sees many amusing as well as many sad sights in the Berlin of to-day.

There is victorious fighting already with the Russians and the towns in Algeria are bombarded by German warships. Algeria with its "foreign legion" and French troops that may be transported to the aid of France and Montenegro declares war on Austria.

The Emperor orders a Day of Prayer in Berlin and Potsdam and thousands of troops kneel in divine service, while the royal families attend services in the Dom. It was Germany that gave the Bible to the world through Luther and Luther's belief and words "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" runs strong through them like the web through the woof.

There is the new founding of the Iron Cross by the German Emperor originally given by Frederic

Wm. III in the War of Liberty against Napoleon I, for great bravery and merit "more honor to wear iron than gold," and many an old soldier of fame saunters through the streets wearing his badge of courage, regretting his white hairs and aged years that hold him back from the front and many a young one, yet unknown to the smoke and din of battle, secretly cherishes the hope that the day will not be far distant when he, too, can wear it on his coat.

And in another way there is a flare-back to the iron age for they carry their patriotism into the heart of their homes and sacrifice themselves personally to an extent that has not been seen in the world since the Frederick the Great's times. A society that is formed "Gold gab ich für Eisen" (I give gold for iron), is an example of this, as it received five-thousand wedding-rings to-day to be melted down, the proceeds to be devoted to the alleviation of the sick and wounded all over the country.

Depots have been opened up where all kinds of articles have been received as subscriptions in aid of those at war and these depots are crammed with material some of which is most valuable. The offers of service made voluntarily by those not called upon to serve already exceed one-million four-hundred thousand. There are families where eighteen members or more are all serving in the ranks.

Every moment now brings new fears. Italy is silent, Holland, Scandinavia and Spain, neutral.

What will the man in the White House do, across the seas?

The natural sympathy of America and Americans should go over to the German side, for there are about sixteen millions, who have made their home with us, useful and prosperous citizens and influential men. There is no other foreign country which can boast of this, both North and South of Mason and Dixon's line. But every true American here is uneasy as to how far the American press will be influenced by England and France and *how* far the public will be influenced by the Press. For by England's cutting of the cables or taking possession of them, no German description of what has actually occurred can be sent. Germany is shut off, with a hedge from the outside world and all the news that American officials will get is supplied by Germany's enemies.

So American newspapers will most likely, give out false and absurd reports and we can only hope that they will wait until German information can get to them before giving their judgment, for *this* is a war where the head of our nation and our nation's policy *may* demand a strict neutrality, but also where a great country, with a great people with a conglomerate population, will voice their feelings somehow.

So Germany fights to-day for her very existence, she will fight knowing the great powers beyond the ocean will do her justice as soon as they *know the truth.* Many will think that our America, the Eldorado so far away across the seas, is the only

country not to be affected by this general European war and that more gold than ever before will flow to its shores like the honey from the honeycomb.

How thoughtless. *If* they only stop to consider that our import and export trade will be cut off, then they can calculate the final effect on our trade.

But the new Germany has made great commercial advancement. As a result of its agricultural economy and intensive farming, it is to-day, the third largest agricultural country in the world. And in coal and iron it is second only to America, the Government-owned railroads bring in a higher revenue than those of England and France, and for forty years this nation has concentrated all its energies on peaceful industry. So Germany's foreign trade is great and she purchases from the United States more than any other country in the world.

Her imports from our country to-day stands to the figure of $430,000,000 and her exports to us nearly $180,000,000.

War, however, means the ruin of commerce and *if* peace is not soon established our golden America will suffer greatly. One can readily see that the last days of July were days of anxiety and distress for the German people; they hoped that they would be permitted to preserve an honorable peace; but on the fourth of August, on the Anniversary of the Battle of Weissenburg and Spichern, the representatives of the German people met, and *this* ses-

Kaiser Francis Joseph

sion, which lasted only a few hours proved worthy of the great historical moment that marked the beginning of such a conflagration as the world has never seen.

So, if *this* be a sorry time for one country in Europe, it is also one for the Western Hemisphere. Before and above all, we preach, the same doctrine of humanity and forbearance, "Live and let live." We should be fast and firm friends, by election and predilection.

And it is not only profit, but pleasure too, that we take out of the German Empire, now so hard pressed. Music, the opera, the concert, science and learning, in diverse ways, are to be counted to our gain, and we also lose from the Dual Monarchy. Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, with his magic of music, who has gone to show that he can play with the sword as well as with the fiddle and the bow, and Nickisch, the Hungarian, the wizard of the orchestra, who has worked his way back in a cattle wagon from Ostend, and men of learning and research have dropped archives and alchemy to take the sabre.

Can we not, just for once, look ahead, and see that Germany's battle is our battle and that her victory and her defeat mean our victory and defeat too?

August 6th. We are in a strange position, strangers in a strange land! Thrown by chance and circumstance, in the capital of a country at war with half the world our individual lives has come to an abrupt end and for our interest and

occupation we must be alive and awake to the passing of the days and cast in our lot with those about us.

Berlin is a moving war-camp. At the general shipping head-quarters, it looks like a great busy ant-hill. Everything that is needful and necessary for soldier-life and camp-life is mobilized here and sent off. Wagons of blankets and cloths and bandages for the Red Cross, the old time uniform being cleaned for new recruits and field bakeries and field kitchens prepared for the field, besides wagons upon wagons of loaves of bread, square bread, long bread, and one sees almost a sea of grain-wagons heaped high and there are many wagons of hay, and the horses, sway up and down, over the city streets.

Nothing is forgotten, the Ways-and-Means Committee, intends that the soldier boy and the horse that carries him are to be well provided for. One can spend hours watching the processions and the precision of this gigantic undertaking as they get all in readiness for transportation.

There are ammunition cars with their deadly weapons and the long, queer-shaped things that carry the apparatus for telegraph and wireless, wagons that carry the material for pontoons, for bridges, ambulance cars for the wounded, horses, droves of horses that come from East Prussia to the Western border from Schleswig-Holstein and Hanover, and coal is being transported to the warships.

And as we thread our way in and out of the

streets we meet the lancers on horseback and an infantry regiment with music, whole cities of men and material on the move to the trains miles long, destined for distant frontiers and the grey motors of the General Staff, with their far-calling, far-crying trumpet, announce the approach and give the right-of-way over all traffic to the army.

There are no unforeseen accidents or incidents. Military trains arrive at the stations with no delays and the tremendous problems on hand seem never to be problems at all, so smoothly and successfully is everything, to the merest detail, carried out.

Head work and hand work has been going on unremittingly all the day long. When one force gives out another is ready to take its place and the result is a perfect army.

The streets make a busy scene, the cafés are open, and they play the national airs, but, the men who made the music are gone and women take their places, and an army of women workers come forth, the women who have been left behind and now we have women orchestras, women on the street cars and girl vendors of German flags and badges of American stars and stripes.

The horses of the Royal Mews go by, exercised by the top-hatted, gorgeously apparelled grooms, horses of race, bowed neck, satin-skinned, Arabian strain, prancing in pride, so soon to go to face the cannon mouth.

And, on the other side of the Linden, is a swarm of yellow dragon-flies, the flying machines, the

aeroplanes, moving on trucks to take their flight in the air and look down as the moon and stars from above on the bivouac of the enemy.

We stop at the Embassy for news. The same untiring work goes on, the same unending patience, the State Department at Washington can be well pleased with its place and people.

An officer ready for the field calls, the Embassy was once his home, he asks for the privilege to go into the private rooms, where his father and mother died to make his prayer before he goes to battle.

August 16th. In the history of the world the month of August, 1914, will stand blood-red on its pages. Pen cannot write, word cannot tell, in this present time, of all that takes place to-day, but many a future historian will chronicle authentic, historic events to show to those who are left to live on the appaling scenes and happenings of these awful days.

Towards the evening hours there is always a rush to the offices of the "Lokal Anzeiger" which publish in the windows a list of official telegrams. If it is good news there is a cheer, and even the children go through the streets singing. If it is discouraging, or no news at all, they go quietly and silently on their way. There are also the big war maps in the windows on which are pinned the flags of the countries at war to show the position, the advance or retreat of the different armies, just as at sea we study the course of a ship, and one can hardly push through the crowds that are anxiously

waiting for news and anxiously studying the course of events.

These have been very eventful days, they have brought to Germany her first victory, for the German army decided to strike swiftly and surely and began its campaign with splendid success.

Five days only after mobilization Lüttich (Liége), Belgium, is taken, a very strong, modern fortress, by comparatively weak German forces, inflicting severe damage on the enemy and opening up the way, via Belgium to France. It seems almost incredible that in this short space of time troops could ever have arrived or much less taken a fortified town.

Someone has said that England's chief objection to Germany was that she got up too early and took no week-end holiday. This victory meaning so much to the German army in opening the Belgian door and clearing the way for the onward march of troops is a surprise to the most sanguine and is proof positive that officers and men have been very much up and doing!

There are four-thousand Belgian prisoners, but many a brave young German lies dead or dying, on the plains, around the strong-hold that General von Emmich has so successfully stormed.

It comes as a surprise, even to the Germans and a surprise to all the world, this devastating, death-dealing weapon, that Krupp has manufactured to deal out destruction to the fort and fortresses standing guard over the road and route of the enemy. The bomb of 17″ (42.5 cm.) will bore its

way into any mortar or material that man can build.

But the story of the downfall of Belgium's mighty wall has a sequel before which the world stands aghast. For Belgium backed by France and France by England has urged her people on to meet her enemy if not by fair means then by foul. One cannot entirely blame the Brabant peasant for the tales of blood-shed that darken our civilization of to-day.

At the outbreak of the war, the Belgians, incited by their superiors committed the most barbarous crimes against the peaceful Germans, while Germany was caring for in a proper, humane way, the non-combatant subjects, of hostile states, such as traveling salesmen, pleasure-travelers, patients in health resorts, who happened to be in the country at the time of the declaration of war.

It was a disgraceful breach of war that private dwellings, of Germans were plundered, and German women dragged naked through the streets by the mob and shot, children thrown from the windows of German homes into the streets, and sick persons driven from the hospitals and trustworthy reports of all these occurrences from responsible sources are at hand.

And the sequel to the beginning of horrors finds its fulfilment in the treatment of the wounded after the battle when the eyes of young men were gouged out, ears and noses cut off, and the surgeons of the Red Cross, carrying the wounded, caring for the dying, were not respected, but shot at.

The cruelties of the Congo have been out-done by the Belgians when it comes to this, that in time of war, among nations the laws of humanity respecting the helpless and unarmed, the women and children, are no longer observed.

The population of the country took part in the battle, the troops were fired on from ambush, physicians were shot at, and in the face of this guerilla fighting, against *armed* forces, the German troops in *self-defence* were forced to give no quarter. The details of the cruelties are only hinted at, but an eye-witness writes that women, girls and boys indulged in such atrocities, as have only been witnessed in negro warfare.

One shrinks and shivers, even at the thought of this scene of horrors, upon which the glorious August sun shines down! So Germany issues a sharp protest to the belligerent powers, France and Belgium, and the troops have instructions to suppress every menaceful attitude of the peasant-population, any person, otherwise than a soldier carrying arms, destroying telegraph wires, utilizing explosives. In short, any *unauthorized* person taking part in the war is to receive summary justice and ordered to be shot.

Music is in the air, the battle music; it is the Second-Guard regiment leaving for France. Oh! the tragedy, the horror of this World War!

Austria is reported to be successful in Servia and the "Queen Louise," a small passenger boat has had the daring, for mine-laying purposes, to enter the Thames and destroy the English cruiser "Am-

phion," and then follows news of advance and retreat of the German forces and an Echec in the mountains of the Vosges—troops driven back, and on the 10th, they beat the Seventh French Army Corps at Mülhausen.

What an awful strain and suspense these days of battle, even the air seems to be still and a feeling of awe creeps over all.

The Czar issues a proclamation to the Jews, reminding them of the noble way in which they have been treated—of the benefits bestowed on them and various promises are held out to the children of Israel, as they are being called upon to serve voluntarily. There are thousands of Russians being held here in custody, partly for their own safety and partly for political reasons,—twenty-one generals most of them no longer in active service, and four-thousand Russians under police surveillance at Döberitz who are well looked after, and enjoy a certain amount of freedom.

Special trains for Americans desiring to go to Holland are scheduled to go once a week; the station is a sight to see, the American flag from the engine to the last passenger car waves "Goodbye" and "Good Luck."

They go to The Hague, where they wait most of them for a stray chance of a vacant berth to get them safely home. In the Berlin City Hall there is a German-American meeting of sympathy. The crowd is so great one can only get standing room, and the address by His Excellency, Prof. von Harnack, will be remembered long by all, especially

these words—"This civilization of ours, the most precious possession of the human race, was principally entrusted to three peoples, yes, to them almost alone, to us, the English, the Americans, I cover up my head, two of the three are left, the sand of the desert approaches us."

Where is the sharp eye of the American? Can't he scan the Pacific and see the Yellow haze?

Evidently the German army tarries not, neither does it sleep. On August 11th, at Lunéville, a French brigade is beaten, the first French flag is captured, two batteries, four maxims, and seven-hundred prisoners are in German hands, and on August 12th, the great day in Scotland, the opening of the moors, when the sportsman goes forth, to bag his game, German submarines are patrolling as far up as the Shetland Isles.

One's brain whirls, every day brings some new surprise, some new suspense and America and all that it holds most dear lies far away over the ocean. We read diligently the papers and follow closely the trend of events and watch for every sign or feeling, for, or against us, as it is known the American Press is crying "Down with the Germans" from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty.

But the Germans are just and faithful; they realize that only news of the many enemies have gone Overseas and they must bide their time for fair judgment.

Spain announces her neutrality and Germany again warns France and Belgium of their frank-

tireurs. Why will they not take the warning? Why will they not read the handwriting on the wall? *Why not* stop the useless carnage and shut the human slaughter-house? That is what Belgium is to-day. It fairly reeks with blood and writhes with agony. Is there no neutral power to call a halt? or, is this the Sodom and Gomorrah of our world to-day?

The Landsturm is called out; all the men who have served in the army from every walk of life, from seventeen years to forty-five, the general levy of the people.

On our way to Charlottenburg we meet them coming, in companies, to the garrisons. We go through the Palace Gardens, laid out by Le Notre, and there, old women under old trees gossip of wars, and tell tales of by-gone days, and boys play at soldiering, all this in quiet paths, in woods and woodlands, that lead to the Mausoleum where Frederick Wilhelm III and Queen Louise are laid to rest. But the way is barred we cannot pass, the Emperor is to come for prayer, for His Majesty goes to the battle-field in the early morning. His six sons have already left, the Crown Prince leading his own army.

August 17th. The tramp, tramp of the soldiers, still goes on. Twenty-thousand cavalry are leaving and in the thirty-six hours one-hundred and eighty-thousand infantry and artillery going to the French and Russian border. It seems as if there could hardly be a man left in all Germany.

This is the harvest-time and the harvest has

never been so plentiful; but the harvesters are gone and the boy-scouts go into the fields to bring in the yield of the ground and, later they will work the prisoners! It is reported there are many deserters in the Russian army and Cossacks are crossing the borders and selling their horses for Twenty Marks to buy food.

The French prisoners are arriving in Frankfurt and Stuttgart and the wounded will soon be coming in. There is a call for more volunteers for the Red Cross and in *two* days at the Parliament House, thirty-thousand men and women enlist and Krupp, the gun-maker, gives One Million Marks, and the Jews Sixty-thousand Marks for the wounded, and One-hundred and Twenty-two thousand for the families whose men are in the field.

Three thousand bakers leave for the front and one-hundred and sixty-thousand loaves of bread are sent to the army and the chocolate manufacturers send free to the soldiers, three-hundred thousand packages and we see the fruit being packed off to them in the boats.

It is stupendous, the work that is being carried on, by so many different people, in so many different ways! There is not an idle person in Berlin.

Björnson, the son of the Norwegian poet, writes: "An imposing calmness inspires this great nation; *thus* they go into this war, the *greatest* that a nation *ever* had to wage!"

There is a song service in the Dom and through this irregular 6, with its statues of Luther and

Calvin, peels forth the organ, and the music, sung by a great choir ends with a prayer before the battle "Ich rufe dich," which was written by a young German poet of patriotic songs who gave up the pen for the sword to join the volunteers in the great war of 1809-13. He gave his life—he was wounded, and a few hours before his death wrote the wonderfully beautiful "Schwertlied"—The Sword Song.

How solemn and still it is in this great cathedral with rows and rows of silent people!

We meet to-night the vans, the great closed yellow vans, bringing in the wounded. One after another they move slowly through the streets. Hats are off, there is a silent, "welcome home," one poor soldier holds out his bandaged arm, and the crowds press forward to press his hand.

We begin to realize the unspeakable sadness of war, and that many lie dead on the battle-field.

August 18th. The Emperor Franz Josef to-day celebrates his eighty-fourth birthday. He is beloved by his people who look upon him more as a friend than a monarch and titulate him as "Our Franzi." Seldom has a monarch undergone more trials. His brother, the Emperor Maximillian of Mexico, was murdered, Johann Orth disappeared, his only son Rudolf met with a tragic end, his wife, Elizabeth, died by the assassinator's hand, his nephew, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the successor to the throne, together with his wife, were the victims of a political plot (the Duchess of Alencon was burnt to death at the Charity

Bazaar in Paris), and *now* at the age of eighty-four he looks out upon a world at war and his Empire engaged in a tremendous struggle for the very life of his Kingdom.

His cup has been running over with sorrow. One hopes he will be given the draught of victory before his dying day.

August 20th. Official correspondence is just published to the effect that Belgium is not inclined to accept Germany's offer to suspend hostilities, despite Germany's offer *not* to annex any Belgium soil and quit Belgium immediately when hostilities are at an end. This is the strongest proof that binding agreements have been made between France, England and Belgium for a mutual war against Germany and which *cannot* be annulled now.

The end is not yet. Japan has sent her ultimatum to Germany, against whom she has no grievance. How proud and pleased England, fair England must be. She pushes forth Belgium and France to cut the way and locks arms with the Cossack and the Yellow peril to walk in. But where does the way lead?

It seems that Japan has an agreement with England from 1895 that in case of war Japan is to come to her assistance. England now calls for her aid. So the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, acting on instructions from his Government hands a note to the Foreign Office in which the immediate withdrawal, or the disarmament of German ships in Japanese and Chinese waters is demanded, *fur-*

ther, the German Government is called upon to hand over, unconditionally, the whole leased territory of Kiautchau to the Japanese before the twenty-third day of the month of August.

It is the most brazen ultimatum, that has ever been presented in the world. Is Great Britain proud of her brother in arms?

Germany's only answer is sending the Japanese Ambassador his passport. It is stated that the United States Government attaches particular value to the status-quo, being upheld in China and objects that Kiautchau should pass into other hands. It would awaken the greatest discontent in the United States, should Japan take possession of the Samoan Islands, especially in the strategic importance that the Islands have in connection with the Panama Canal.

The Governor of Kiautchau cables, that he and the garrison "will do their duty." It can only mean a massacre when the Japanese enter in. What is a small German colony against so many? This might well be called a war of commerce on the part of Great Britain, whose battle cry is pounds, shillings and pence, and, who for this act, bequeaths to her childrens' children a very heavy burden of shame!

It may be proved in days to come that England's refusal to remain neutral in the European war is as stupid a crime as Lord North's decision for war with the Colonies in 1776, or as was the Crimean and the Boer war.

Every day brings news. The battle at Gum-

binnen and Angerburg is a victory for Germany, with eight-thousand prisoners and eight field-guns taken.

A prince of the church lies dead in Rome. The tolling of the bells of St. Peters announce the passing of Pius X.

There will never again be a Papal conclave held under such circumstances and never such a journey as that of the cardinals to the holy city.

August 21st. Brussels is occupied by the Germans, the flight of the King, the Royal family, and the Government, to the fortress of Antwerp, point to the fact that all hopes that the united French and Belgian troops had of preventing the German forces from attacking further has been abandoned. The news of this success is received with the greatest enthusiasm in Berlin and the Provinces.

There is a great victory at Metz, and the Vosges, won by the Crown Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria, who led his troops valiantly. This battle lasted two days and is the biggest battle fought since fifty years. The whole result cannot yet be gauged for the battle-field occupies a larger space than that of the struggles of 1870 which busied the whole of the German army!

August 22nd. The German Crown Prince beats the French Army at Longwy. The battle-field was one-hundred kilometers long, twenty to thirty thousand prisoners have been captured, and *this* victory from the present outlook, one might almost think, means the "to be" of Germany. The Kaiser has ad-

dressed the following telegram to his daughter, the Duchess of Brunswick:

"God our Lord has blessed our brave troops and given them the victory. May all of those at home go on their knees and offer up prayers of thanks, and may the Lord remain with us, and the whole of the German nation in the future.

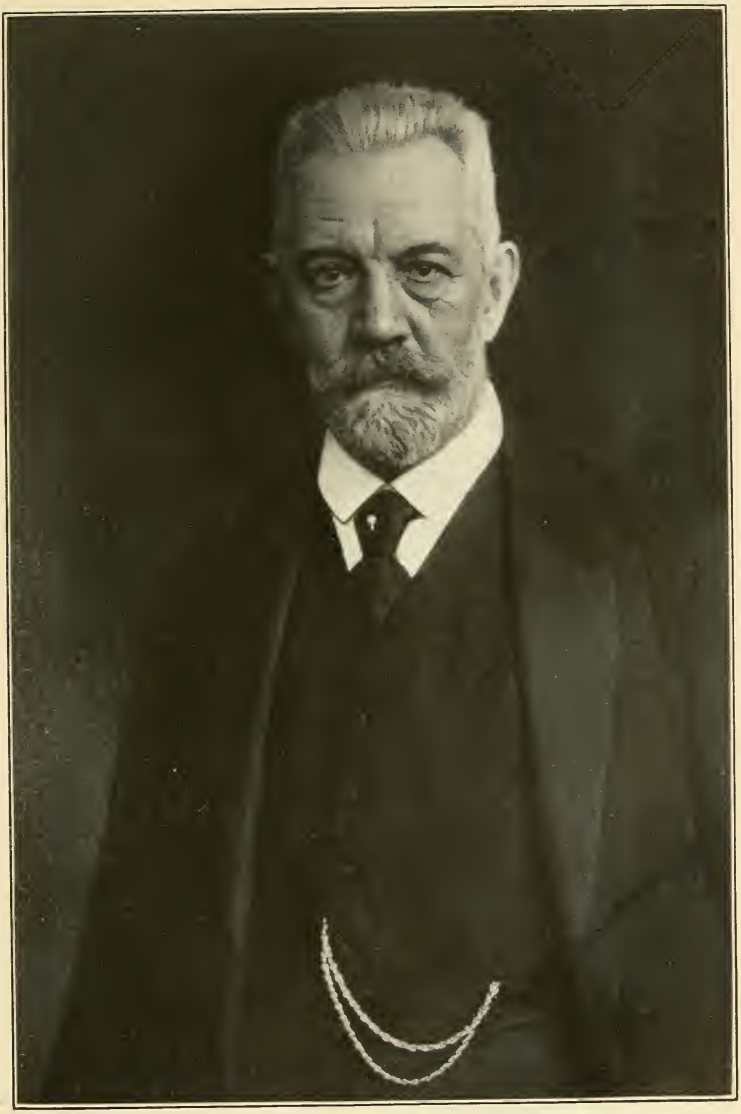
"Your faithful father,

WILHELM."

The news of these successes of the German army being made known in Berlin, flies from mouth to mouth amongst a jubilant population. There is no reason to doubt its truth. Everyone is convinced of its genuineness by the brief, concise words of the official telegram. Masses of people collect on Unter den Linden and before the Palace patriotic songs are sung and the Kaiserin and the Crown Princess appear on the balcony and acknowledge the thanks of the crowds amidst deafening cheering, and the church bells welcome the news.

England was expected to send a great army, but only a comparatively small number volunteered for the front. "Tommy Atkins" is not so keen for a pay for nine shillings per week, to give up his life.

It must be of great satisfaction to the Germans that out of one-million, seven-hundred thousand volunteers, ninety-thousand men are from Alsace-Lorraine, and this, contrary, to the reports that these countries' sympathies were more French than German. *But,* in England the war is not popular



Chancellor Bethmann von Hollweg

with the working-man and Mr. John Burns, Secretary of State, and a prominent member of the Labor Party, resigns from the Ministry.

He declares in the press that he is on the side of peace and the *neutrality* of England. He states, the war trumpet was blown in order to stifle the inner political crisis in England and England risks all in the struggle. He knows best the great organizations of the miners and the other labor combines agree with him and it is false to say that public opinion in England is unanimous for the war.

If, England had had more men of the type of John Burns in the Cabinet the world might have been spared the greatest of tragedies.

The son of the Bavarian Crown Prince lies dead in Munich, a boy of just thirteen years. Ruprecht of Bavaria does not leave his troops to go to the death-bed of the Prince Luitpold, his son and heir. He telegraphs, he has, "no time to mourn." He has a stern duty, a country, *his* country must be saved at all costs and personal griefs must give place to the national welfare. This is the unwritten code of all who fight under the flag.

The Franktireurs are continuting their atrocities and the scenes and sights in the Brabant country where the officers and men in the rank and file go down before the bullets from ambush, where unspeakable, indescribable brutalities and bestialities, are committed on the bodies of the living and the dead by the Belgium furies, are said to be beyond believing.

August 24th. The Germans are now marching towards Maubeuge. The victorious battles at the French border, from North to South—almost from the North Sea to Mülhausen, have been fought under the leadership of three princes. The German Crown Prince, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, and the Duke Albrecht von Württemburg.

While these battles were won in the West, the Germans won an important battle at Gumbinnen driving the Russians back over the border and thus freeing this grainland from the Russian invader.

August 26th. Namur captured, the city and four forts in German hands. Lieutenant Otto von der Linde, for the taking of one of the forts outside Namur, receives the order "Pour le mérite." The highest military order in Germany, and this only at the age of twenty-two.

Lüttich, Huy, and then Namur.

Such has been the sequence of Germany's victories in Belgium.

Namur is fifty kilometers west of Lüttich and is the terminus of five important railway lines. It is already changed into a German city—a bridge was blown up by the Belgians, and in two days the Germans have built another a short distance to the North. The inhabitants of Hauvenir gave cigarettes to the victorious German soldiers as they passed through, which were discovered to contain explosives. Major Langhorne, of the U. S. Army, was one of those to visit Namur after the fall.

There was great gladness and great sadness over the city of Berlin,—all over the German Empire.

Pride, for the armies of men, the hosts of the Emperor, who carried the flag to victory, into the enemies' country and sadness and seriousness over the heads bowed down by grief and woe. For great victories bring great losses, and a most precious price is paid by these children of the Fatherland for the defence of home and hearth. No one can be unaffected by this great calamity, so widespread that inundates the countries far and wide.

The Bavarians are strong fighters, the Blue Bavarian is a word of terror to the French, just as much as "Haesler is coming," and this veteran is now in the field, this hero of bygone days and the Austrians are far, very far from showing the white feather to the Russian and Servian forces.

And with all these tidings, days go by with numberless Americans in this country, hermetically sealed to the rest of the world.

At last, the long expected, long-looked-for "Tennessee" has arrived at the Hook. The American warship brings the Assistant-Secretary of War, army and navy officers, three-millions in gold for private banking interests and one and a half millions in gold to be used in aid of Americans in need.

The relief, the rejoicing to so many, the news from the home country and the prospect of getting back is great and even the negro minstrels "the Black Diamonds," who are strapped without funds, give their services for a concert for the benefit of everybody. And strains of Dixie, the Swanee

River, Old Kentucky Home, and all the old familiar songs of the cotton fields bring out all the odd coins in all pockets and one old black cries out: "I'se jest shure the jedgment day is comin'" and many a white agrees with him.

The Americans have received so much courtesy and consideration in this "house of trouble," that they go out of it, away from it, with deep sympathy in their hearts and a deep *conviction of its right* and all good wishes for a speedy victory.

August 29th. Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in Washington, accompanied by the former Secretary of Colonies, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg has made his crossing safely and arrived in New York. A protest is made against the unfair attack on the Germans and against the fact that, *England should look for aid from the Yellow Race.*

Could anything be more disastrous for Great Britain's prestige than the Japanese attack on Germany under cover of the Anglo-American Treaty?

Yesterday, August 28th, was a victory over the English Army Corps at St. Quentin, and advances by the Belgians from Antwerp have been repulsed.

British and German soldiers have now crossed swords for the first time and the English have been beaten in the same way as their Allies. Those who know expected as much. Although the British soldier is an excellent fighter he lacks training and discipline. The English have been occupied with little wars, against all kinds of colored races, and it was a great venture to send the Expeditionary

Force to the Continent, and the venture has met its fate.

A great German victory has taken place at Tannenburg, East Prussia. Sixty kilometer battle-field, and seventy-thousand Russian prisoners, and about five-hundred guns taken. The Russian troops were driven back from the border, and those who were not killed or taken prisoners were driven into the Masurian swamps. It was a three days' battle with very heavy losses on both sides.

The Lazaretts have their daily van-loads of the victims of war and the boats on the Spree have been successfully turned into floating hospitals.

The woman's time has come. There are many wounded to heal, many dying to comfort. There is no lack of womens' nursing, there is no dearth of womens' tears!

The hospitals are wonderfully organized; the one we visited to-day made a great impression as everything was so carefully planned.

For instance, on every bedstead, there hung a new outfit for the wounded man in convalescence. His mud-splashed, blood-bespattered garments were not to be seen or worn; on every bedside table fresh flowers, and every tested scientific method to save life and limb is employed and in the Russian wards the same care and attention. A photograph of X rays, of every fracture, is taken and pinned to the chart of every patient.

There is no gladness in the faces of these heavily-wounded men who have come out of these fierce battles, hurt and maimed, but with their lives.

No thankfulness or joy. They seem *beyond* human emotions, just gazing into space. The booming of the cannon, the whiz of the bullet, the smell of the powder—they come out of this, and seem to remember but little. They are shot; some of them don't even know it.

One Russian, who spoke English, was an intelligent man; he had lived in Chicago and Detroit for a year, and after his success there had gone back to join his wife and children. He said he did not know *what* he was fighting for, but they were driven on by the Knout, and it was a chance of this death, or a bullet in the front.

There were young Armenians in the war, and one poor dying boy was trying in German to thank the Red Cross sister who was smiling at him in his agony. Courage was given and help, the woman's part in great battles.

They expect a winter campaign here, or, in the cold Russian country and the grey wool is being turned and twisted into everything useful, from stockings to ear-warmers.

And there is another big work to do. The army of unemployed must be helped. The great army of men, women, and children, who are out of work by reason of the closing down of factories, great businesses and so forth!

One sees no indigent paupers, beggars on the streets of Berlin. What a contrast to Kensington Gardens where the public green is black with hopeless humanity, on benches and grounds. But, these German people must be fed, must be tided over

these times and the Red Cross has opened stations where meals are given on presentation of tickets.

They give for 10 Pfennigs, soup with meat and bread; everything is clean, well-cooked and good, and one sees here all kinds and conditions of people.

It is all so well-organized. There is no fighting, or pushing, no unseemly scenes among the crowds, driven here, by the circumstances of war, to get their daily bread.

So there is work for all to do in this city to-day, —for those at home, and those from abroad, heaps of work, for the willing hand and the willing heart!

September 1st. There is a dark story, a death story, a black page in these days' history, which one wants not to read. It is the story of Louvain.

The German troops are on their way, probably to Antwerp, and the citizens of this town of art treasures are peaceful, they receive the troops quietly, there is even friendly concourse. They are in the stations waiting for trains, in the cafés, in the streets, talking with the people, there is seemingly much friendliness, much pleasantness, much quietness,—evidently no animosity, no hatred, no excitement,—all goes well.

But when the time time comes to leave, all the church bells ring out their cry and signal and the scenes of horrors begin. From the windows boiling oil is poured on the heads of the soldiers—shots are fired from roof and garden, bush and

ambush, officers and men to the number of seven-hundred and over, fall before this unexpected attack from the inhabitants, who had agreed, to be quiet and peaceful, and in return were to receive every consideration, not a hair of their head, nor part nor parcel of their property and belongings to be touched by the passing army, and now, betrayed by the citizens the German army, for self-defence and self-protection give no mercy.

When it became known that officials furnished firearms to the populace, planned the deed, excited the people to acts of violence, and that fifty German soldiers were found murdered in a cellar, butchered by Belgians, *then* Louvain was doomed to destruction.

Nero never witnessed aught more awful in the burning of Rome, than those who looked on at the flames destroying one-sixth of this Belgian city. In the burning district, only the Town Hall was saved, the pearl of Louvain, and that by the effort of the German soldiers. Its wonderful lace ornamentation has been entirely spared, not a leaf of the sculptured foliage, not a nose of the numerous statutettes has been touched. It stands out in bold relief in its beauty, in this fated city.

This tale of turbulence is not a new one for the Brabant Louvain, they came rightly by their inheritance of cruelty, for as far back as 1378 during an insurrection, thirteen magistrates of noble family were thrown from the windows of the Hotel de Ville, and received by the populace below on the points of their spears, and when Duke Wenceslaus

took the city in 1382, he severely punished the citizens, thousands of whom emigrated to Holland and England and from this period dates the decay of Louvain.

Also, theire is no compulsory school education in Belgium, and one out of every four cannot read or write.

The Belgian Queen, with her children has escaped to Lord Curzon's place in England, the Belgian King has taken refuge in Antwerp and with him is his cousin, Clementine of Belgium, who married Prince Victor Napoleon, and their children the youngest being the Imperial child of France, so that England besides harboring Ex-King Manuel, will see in her borders the reigning King of the Belgiums and the future "Emperor" of the French, the so-called Pretender to the French throne.

One hears that Paris is preparing for a siege, and that the beautiful Bois, has become a field for cattle and a soldiers' camping ground. Since the first German aeroplane has appeared over the city, all the art treasures of the Louvre have been removed to underground cellars, so the Mona Lisa goes out of sight again.

Under the heading of the last heroic deed of the British, comes the news that the Lloyd steamship "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" which was lying anchored and coaling off Rio del Oro, a Spanish colony in neutral waters, has been sunk by the English cruiser, "Highflyer", thus making a breach of neutrality. Might before right has become

England's motto. Britannia rules the waves becomes "Britannia waives the rules."

A number of Englishmen living in Munich send contributions to the Red Cross and desire their church to be used as a military hospital, an example set them by their compatriots in Hamburg. They enclose a communication stating this action is taken as a protest against the policy of England, they add that England and Germany ought to be able, cojointly to defend the civilization of the Western countries. Slatin Pasha, resigns his commission, as General Inspector of the Soudan and offers his services to the Austrian Government.

September 2nd. Forty-four years ago to-day, Napoleon III, was taken prisoner at Sedan and to-day, upon the Anniversary, Sedantag, the first trophies of the present war are brought to Berlin.

The sun shines gloriously down on the patriotic scene; it is the one day they give themselves to rejoicing. They know full well they *are* not and *will* not be spared the dark sides of war, but; they must come forth to-day to do honor to their flag and they come forth in great numbers from far and near. The Unter den Linden is black with people, watching and waiting for the procession, to pass through the Brandenburger Gate.

It is wonderfully impressive; eighteen Russian, French and Belgian guns, and three machine guns, are drawn by captured Russian horses on their way to the Royal Palace escorted by eight of the Landstrum who captured the Russian flag.

There is not one, young and old, whose heart is not beating with pride and enthusiasm. Even those who are already bereft and bereaved by the ravages of war, they too come to view the trophies for which they have given their all.

Women and children faint in the crowds and young Germany, the small boys dressed in the uniforms of the Red Hussars, Blue Uhlans, clattering their wooden swords mount the captured guns and wave the Schwarz-Weiss-Rot. The most cynical old man would throb with enthusiasm too as these mere babies shout and cheer—while voices upon voices swell to the blue in the "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles."

In the evening comes the news of a new victory in France, near Verdun and through the cheering crowds comes a trained choir who stop in the Pariser Platz, and lead the multitudes singing, Körner's "Lützow's Wilde verrwegene Jagd."

How inspiring! Strange to say, this scene and song, is just in front, of the closed French Embassy!

September 5th. The Germans have arrived at the outer forts of Antwerp, and it is officially announced, that the cavalry of the Army of General von Kluck is nearing Paris. The fortresses in the North, with the exception of Maubeuge have fallen without fight.

President Poincaré and the French Government have left Paris for Bordeaux.

The Belgian King escaped to Antwerp, the

French President to Bordeaux, the Emperor of all the Russias, is guarded in Moscow, the King of England behind the portals of Buckingham Palace, and the German Emperor out in the front with his great General Staff, cheering the troops, visiting the wounded and the Crown Prince and the Princes at the front taking the chances of war, in the thick of the fight for the Fatherland.

A picture with color and contrast.

At last, the great battle of Lemberg with a battle line of 400 kilometers is ended. For ten days it lasted with fighting never ceasing and after heavy, heavy losses on both sides, after great resistance, Austria, though victorious on her left wing is forced to give up Lemberg to the Russians.

Austria is fighting wonderfully. Where are the predictions pronouncing Austria, a mere jumble of disjointed nationalities, tottering to its decay? The hour of national danger had hardly struck, when all realized the significance of a common, national life, and to-day, without any distinction, Germans and Czechs, Magyars, the Southern Slav and Italians, to the number of one and a quarter million volunteers have rallied round the Emperor King.

How can Russia be so united, where the knouted peasant starves in his pigsty, where the tortured Jew cringes at the feet of his tormenters, where oppression and barbarous cruelty reigns in Poland, Finland and the Baltic provinces and the aristocrat is supreme and every human right is flouted

and anarchism and nihilism are born and at home?

Can there be unanimity here in this war? But the Czar must proceed. Since the Great Peter's time, it is the Russian will to possess Constantinople. It has become clear to the Russians that if things remain as they are now, the way to Constantinople is *through Berlin,* Vienna being only a secondary consideratoin.

September 6th. The Crown Prince has had great losses in his army, through a surprise of the French near Verdun. The fortress Rheims surrenders to German troops under General von Bülow, the bombardment of Nancy goes on in the presence of the German Emperor.

A special meeting of Parliament has been held in London, the result is an agreement between the Allies whereby it is agreed that no separate peace is to be given to Germany from either England, France or Russia. The declaration is published in London, signed by Grey, Cambon and Benkendorf, and reads:—

"The governments of Great Britain, France and Russia, herewith agree that not one of them will sign *a peace document of single peace;* the three governments further agree that none of them will make an agreement of peace without consulting the other two Governments about the conditions of peace."

This practically ends all hope of a short, decisive outcome. The wisest in warlore cannot predict the duration, or the disastrous results to each

and every country. If, swift and crushing defeats *could* bring about a speedy decison, *or* whether many months, or even years will pass in breathless tension and bring about a universal exhaustion—these *ifs*—no one dares to prophesy.

England's declaration of war, England's present attitude has been and is the great blow to Germany. Two nations allied by blood relationship and the bonds of intimate associations, destined to take their share, side by side in the permanent work of civilization have come to the parting of the ways.

England, who planned and plotted the war conducts it chiefly through her Allies.

Now this ancient bond has been rendered asunder, suddenly, and terribly for an indefinite time. Whatever will be the final result, whatever the situation of Europe, when the war is at an end one thing is certain: the old relation between Germany and England cannot be resumed, a bitter, unspeakable resentment, distrust, and estrangement will last a long time, perhaps for ever.

The hope of Christianity and civilization is shattered to atoms, *if* England spells victory. Not just England, but England plus this, that and the other!

The Pacific is threatened. Japan now declares that the report that she is sending troops to Europe is false. Japan has no intention of putting her troops at the disposal of another Government, either in Europe or elsewhere.

And now we have the story of crime in war-

fare. After the taking of the French forces at Longwy, the German Emperor's troops found thousands of Dum-Dum bullets, which were manufactured by special Government workshops, similar bullets were found on dead and wounded French soldiers and also on British troops.

The Dum-Dum is a jagged bullet, inflicting most terrible wounds, causing most agonizing suffering, and was manufactured by the English Government for Indian warfare and their use is strictly prohibited by the acknowledged principles of the International Law of Warfare, decided at The Hague and in Geneva.

The only great Umpire that is left to judge is the only one of the great powers not yet implicated in the world war—the power over the Atlantic—the United States.

Vienna diplomatists state that the United States has asked England whether she can give a satisfactory understanding that Japan will not endanger the integrity of American possessions in the Pacific. What will America do, what are we to expect?

This, is the question in the mind of every American in Europe, as the international situation becomes daily more complicated. The last information, is that America, is positively neutral. Americans have reason to put their trust in President Wilson.

Political parties and local issues will cease to exist in a situation so serious. Suffrage, tariff, trust-busting, and every other national question

will be thrust aside, but, it is not *now* the *party or platform* that counts; it is the principle, and the personality of the President of the United States who has proved his ability as a leader, and now is his hour to prove his comprehensive view-point of the situation.

Was it Germany's desire to expand? Had any sane German the wish to add still more Poles to his Polish provinces, or still more Frenchmen to his Alsace-Lorraine?

Every square foot of land taken from its Russian or French neighbors would have become a new burden to the German Empire. Germany wanted from her neighbors, nothing, but to be left alone. Germany victorious in the European turmoil is liberated from the danger with which its neighbors have threatened it, for so many years. Germany defeated, the militarism of yesterday will appear as nothing to the over-militarism of to-morrow.

Also the question of the Dum-Dum is too serious to be passed by. It is a breach of the International Law, of warfaring.

So a protest is made. As message is sent from the Kaiser to the American nation by his Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, and Emperor Wilhelm sends a wire direct to President Wilson vehemently protesting against this kind of warfare, which has become one of the most barbaric known in history, and which has been condemned at International Conventions.

But although the President may dictate neu-

Admiral von Tirpitz

trality, in regard to the European conflict, the American Press, ignores his exhortation and is attacking Germany in a most unwarrantable, most unfair way, both in articles and in caricatures which must deeply hurt the Kaiser and his people who have always been our friends, and have always shown themselves friendly.

It is very regrettable that over our lurid press there is no government control. This reminds me that one evening we could not get the evening paper, "Acht Uhr Abendblatt," and discovered that, owing to the publication of an incorrect article the day before the publication was ordered to be discontinued for three days, the paper put in prison, so to speak.

The inflamed attitude of the American press is one that is deeply regretted by Americans in Germany and Germans in America.

The utter unreasonableness of the fierce attacks in the American press, inspired by the French and English newspapers on the Germans' method of dealing with Belgian franctireurs, and their houses, is shown by the proclamation of the Russian General Rennekampf to the inhabitants of East Prussia, issued on August 4th—

"Any resistance shown by the inhabitants, to the Imperial Russian Army will be unsparingly punished, and this without distinction of age, or sex. Places in which even the slightest attack is made upon the Russian army—or in which opposition to its orders are shown, will be at once burned to the ground."

The practice against franctireuring has always been the same by every Government. Lord Roberts, in like cases in South Africa, burned and laid waste the Boer farms. Even the English "Westminster Gazette" published the letter of a former Member of Parliament in which he said—"If the civil population of Louvain suddenly fired from their houses, on the German soldiers—a just punishment must have followed this insane act."

It is, however, the first step which costs, and now that England is bound to uphold the Muscovite and the Jap, she has taken the step which will lead her to subterfuges—intrigues, and shamelessness of all kinds, among which malicious falsehood will seem but a minor vice.

(We have been in Berlin since August 1st, have read the various German papers diligently, and have found no derogatory allusions and untrue statements referring to England).

There are those of us who are not Englishmen, but of English descent, who have felt hitherto a certain pride that such was the case, who have felt somehow that England was a land where higher principles prevailed than elsewhere, that her great past, and her great traditions would not allow her to go wrong, that in a special sense, we may say, she was a God-fearing land.

Alas, that has all vanished, and we stand stunned and dazed, as one does who hears suddenly of a crime committed by an acquaintance and friend, to whom one has been accustomed to look up to with respect and trust.

Germany has not only to contend with the Allied Forces of her many enemies, but with the campaign of falsehood and misrepresentation organized by England.

All German successes are denied, or represented as victories for her enemies, and malicious or false statements as to the internal and economical conditions now existing in Germany are being sown with full hands by the English Government and press, to prejudice Germany abroad and especially in the United States.

In the very year in which the United States, on account of the opening of the Panama Canal is looking forward to a new epoch of peaceful, economic conquest, the Japanese have given the signal for the rise of the Yellow Race, by the intended theft of the German Colony of Kiautchou.

The fatal results will have to be borne by those nations of the White Race that are most interested in the Pacific Ocean, the Americans and the Australians.

As long as Kiautchou belongs to Germany it represents one of the safeguards of a policy, which is striving to secure the world's commerce, an open door, and an absolute equality of rights to all nations in the markets of the Far East.

Should Kiautchou become Japanese, a policy hostile to American interests, the conquest and destruction of China, would be strengthened. It becomes clear that Japan and Russia aim at troubling and weakening China.

If Japanese power is allowed to increase in Asia, it means not only the principle of Asia for the Asiatics, but also the principle of the Pacific for the Japanese.

England now takes Holland in her mighty grasp, and threatens the Dutch possessions in the East, if she does not bow the head and bend the knee. But history goes to show that Great Britain, has not always been true even to her Allies, which Holland knows to her cost, for, about two-hundred years ago for the sake of base gain England betrayed and plundered her Ally, Holland, and founded the World Empire on the spoil.

At the time, that this English policy of perfidy and brutal selfishness was inaugurated in Europe (euphemistically termed, practical politics), Lord Marlborough stated in the English House of Lords, "The measures pursued in England for a year past are directly contrary to Her Majesty's engagement with her Allies, have sullied the triumphs of her reign, and will render the name of England odious to all other nations!"

Really the history of the English Dominion is a chronicle of monstrous intrigue, a tale of cynical violence.

The spectacle is rendered even more obnoxious by England assuming the tone of integrity and wrapping herself in the mantle of pious hypocrisy.

Her thoughts, efforts and endeavors, are spread broadcast to conceal aggrandizement under the protection of duty and loyalty, while assuming the

role of defender, of "treaty rights" which have always been disregarded by England whenever they stood in her way.

With unconcealed displeasure and with active and jealous envy England has watched Germany and her rise these last three years. The same jealousy consumes her against America and the Americans. The future will reveal it, and will be the curtain-raiser!

September 8th. The capitulation of Maubeuge is announced to-day, the last French fortress at the Belgian frontier. Forty-thousand prisoners, amongst them five-thousand English, four Generals, and four-hundred cannons. Maubeuge is near, very near Cambrai, where, one-hundred years ago, Waterloo was won by Wellington, through the timely aid of Blucher. Cambrai was Wellington's head-quarters, and around there now victory after victory is won by the Germans and *what* is being fought for now has been brooding for one-hundred years.

September 14th. These days are days of waiting and watching for news. The Germans and French are in a death struggle on the borders of the Marne. The German Crown Prince is attacking Verdun. In the East, the Northern Russian army has been beaten and pursued. Everyone feels the strain for everyone knows the decision of the battles of these days will be more or less vital; it is really the crisis in this European disease, and anxious people, and anxious faces are everywhere.

Germany goes to war to defend her fireside, her long borders and broad frontiers with a clear conscience and a clean sword. France has been egged on by other powers to seek her revenge for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. "La guerre de revanche." Russia, for spoils to pay her French debt and to find a way to lay her hand on Constantinople. Japan, to weaken China, and for the wedge within the lute to make the Western music mute. And England, for greed and gain.

Germany, in her unique geographical position and encircled by malice and envy, is a cake, a very *rich* cake, for which the powers are hungry to slice up between themselves, each to his liking, and each to have a goodly portion.

If such a catastrophe as this occurs, there will be war succeeding wars for years to come; *even* now the prisoners of the Allied Armies quarrel between themselves, and General French reported to the English Government that he was informed too late by the French about the real strength of the advancing German army. The French cavalry leader General Sordet appeared to be deaf to General French's urgent messages for help, and French officers, complained about the unfitness of the English troops to fight in a Continental war.

The English press comments very severely upon the Fall of the Fortress of Namur, so each of the Allies makes the other responsible for their defeat and *if* victory comes to the Allies, quarrels over defeats will be as nothing compared to quarrels over victories.

It will be a repetition of the story of the Nibe-

lungenhort, where Fafner and Fasolt fought over their partnership spoils.

England is puffed up with pride. Lord Curzon, the former Viceroy of India, declares he hopes to see the Lancers of the Bengal cavalry, glittering in the streets of Berlin, and dark-skinned Gurkhas make themselves comfortable in the Potsdam parks, but pride, we are told, in Biblical lore, comes before a fall.

British arrogance shown by the words of the national song—"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves," exceeded all bounds, when it went to the point of declaring, even grain, contraband of war in 1778 and contended that foreign harbors could be blockaded, by a single, simple, declaration of the British Admiralty.

Continental Europe was stirred at the procedure; a league was formed in 1780, to protect the neutral powers against England and to obtain recognition that the neutral flag covers the ship and its corgo.

Thus England's disease of the present day can be traced, back to years ago, an inheritance of the past, an atavism, a former national malady, *it is in the blood.*

September 17th. This is the state of things as we see them, and the state of war shows Germany fighting with determination and self-sacrifice against great armies of Russians, never-ceasing armies; for where one regiment does down, another springs up as if by magic. Never ending hordes of armed men, to be met, driven back, or

conquered, with the result that to-day Germany has successfully driven Russians out of East Prussia, and the situation on the border is under control.

In Belgium the German flag flies over Brussels and the German troops are supposed to be attacking Antwerp.

In France there are reports of advances and retreats, of fierce fighting by day and night of great losses on both sides, the whole borderland is afire and red with blood.

The end is not yet, and we hear it will be many days more before decisive news comes; already for twelve days this battle, of one-hundred and fifty kilometers has been going on.

The German army is guiltless of atrocities, as is testified to, by the joint declaration of American war correspondents. These correspondents have spent two weeks with the German army, accompanying the German troops hundreds of miles and are unable to confirm rumors of the mistreating of prisoners, or non-combatants, or discover a single case of wanton brutality. This declaration is signed by five correspondents of different newspapers, consequently our hope for the future largely depends upon the victory of German arms.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous explorer stays, as guest of the Kaiser at the Head-quarters of the German armies in the West. Dr. Hedin has received permission to enquire in all reported cases of "German atrocities" and to write impartial reports on the miltiary situation.

And another question comes up. *Have* Departments of State, statesmen, diplomats, the plenipotentiaries, the politicians the divine right to form "Alliances and Entente" and "secret treaties," without consulting the will and the wish of the people. The fighting world, the suffering world, the innocent world, *they* who are to give their lives and their substance for the fulfilment of these documents.

The great arctic explorer, Nansen, writes:— "The responsibility of this war rests with the policy of Alliances. The end of one war is the beginning of another one, disarmament is empty talk.

"The march through Belgium under breach of neutrality was for Germany an iron necessity.

"Norway's position is not worse than that of Belgium, but not better either."

State-craft, Diplomacy, so often controlled by men for personal ambitions, personal revenge, personal hatred, how many worlds, how many peoples, art thou responsible for and in thy name how many crimes committed?

September 17th. The American President stands for the strictest neutrality, the spirit of impartiality, straightforwardness, and friendship towards all countries concerned.

"The people of America are descendants of many nations which take part in this war—it is natural that there should exist the most diverse sympathies and wishes as regards the ultimate result

and circumstances of the conflict. Passions could be easily aroused, and America divided into two hostile camps, to take part in this war, not in deed but opinions, which would hinder the country in its great duties as the natoin of peace—as the nation which stands aside in the role of impartial mediator, and adviser of peace, which neither sits in judgment over others, but is able and free, to do what is honest and disinterested, and truly of service for the peace of the world."

Idealism. What of the peace and for how long is it to be America the Silent?

September 20th. The days go by with only vague news or no news at all.

The silence, the waiting, is terrifying to the individual, and to the country at large.

The battle on the Western border now is two weeks old, never ceasing by day or by night.

In the new warfare, the battle-line is thin and long. It is officially stated, however, that these battles in France are taking a favorable turn for the German army.

On September 11th, Germany's prisoners of war numbered two-hundred and twenty-thousand and to-day we have been to Döberitz, where three-thousand British prisoners are encamped.

From camp to canteen they are well provided for, but if these soldier men are a fair sample of England's standing army, then woe to fair England in the field; she can only hope for laurels on the water.

A more consumptive, dejected, ill-conditioned,

ill-proportioned lot of men, one could go far to see,—no strength, no muscle, no stamina.

If these three-thousand are a typical showing, then the breed is done for. They savor more of "les miserables" in Whitechapel than the rank and file of an army.

On the 16th September, the German Minister in Copenhagen gives out the following news:—

England fears an attack of Turkey on Egypt. The Indian troops, forty to fifty-thousand strong, expected since the 25th of August have not arrived, cholera or revolution is the reason why. It *is* revolution! So England asks Japan for help in India, and Japan replies on the following conditions:—

"A free entry in all the British Colonies in the Pacific, a loan of two-hundred million dollars, and a free hand in China."

England agrees to these conditions.

The result of this is that the feeling against Russia and England is steadily growing in the Chinese Republic, England is accused of letting Japan loose against China by the granting of a free hand there in exchange for help in India, and the hostile feeling against Russia is nourished by the order of the Governor of St. Petersburg to expel all Chinese merchants from his district during the war.

It is also stated in Pekin that Japan and Russia have signed an agreement by which Japan is to occupy Mongolia, and Manchuria.

In Chinese Government circles, no secret is made

of the warm sympathies with Germany and Austria which grow stronger day by day.

News comes from several sources confirming the rising of the Egyptians against the British troops and the small English forces in the interior had to withdraw with heavy losses.

The Arabs also rise, and gather in thousands to prevent the landing of British troops near El Arish and Akaba, and this hostile feeling has been brought about by the prevention of the return of the Khedive, and of the annual pilgrimage to Mecca.

This is the liberty England gives as Protectorate in the name of freedom.

England founded her enormous Colonial Empire by force and unscrupulousness, and in the name of liberty, she is now treating Egypt as an English colony, disregarding international treaties, and her own solemn promise, and in the name of liberty, the Malay States, one after another, lose their independence.

And the first rent in the British Empire becomes visible for the Boers refuse to follow General Botha into a war against Germany, and General Beyer, the Commander-in-Chief of the South African forces, has tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the Government.

General Delarey has been shot by mistake and the whole Boer community are strongly convinced that this wanton murder is a parallel to the murder of Jean Jaures in Paris.

But the English are not warriors, they are sportsmen at their best and bullies at their worst.

The "hand-shake" at Maubeuge was very sportsmanlike indeed. However, war is no sporting event.

There is no shield, no belt to be won,—this fight is for national existence—a price which the English do not value for they have never had to fight for it.

Their island was always safe, whether Danes, Romans, Saxons or Normans invaded and ruled it.

The whole English nation, with a few exceptions, is unable to grasp the idea of a danger to their nationality, whereas centuries of warfare in the centre of the European Continent have taught Germans to be united, and prepared; otherwise they would fall a prey to the hunger for territory of other States.

This is no theory history; it has been demonstrated over and over again.

And the arming and fighting against foreign enemies has sharpened and quickened the sense of the so-called Hun.

Rudyard Kipling writes: "Wake! for the Hun is at the gate!"

Is it possible that any one can compare the perfectly disciplined German army, in the ranks of which stand thousands of graduates of the noble universities of Göttingen, Heidelberg, Leipzig and Berlin, to the most barbaric and destructive of the races of antiquity?

The same poet years ago wrote a bitter indict-

ment, to warn England against her present ally, Russia, to which he likens the latter to "The bear that walks like a man."

The fight in these forty-four years of peace has been transferred from the field of battle to the field of science, industry and commerce, and the military training has not been the least of the factors towards winning honors in these fields also, as the nation realized it would have to be again on the battle-field to secure the fruits of these labors.

The German is known over land and sea to do things thoroughly, one of the things the Germans will do thoroughly, however, is to fight.

As we view the battle-field to-day, most of the crack regiments of Great Britain's army have been swept away, and the calling in of Japanese, Indians, Hottentots and Kaffirs, in the defence of Christianity and humanity, against the so-called German barbarism is a necessity and speaks for itself.

England has thrown off the white man's burden, and asked colored races to carry a white burden, and the Japanese in their new-born alliance, allude to the war, against the "white peril," and the British to the "invasion of the Huns."

If what is reported from the German Embassy at Pekin is true, namely, that Japan promises to help England for certain concessions, then the fate of the British Empire is sealed.

This unbelievable, this gigantic war, is to be the clearing house of the nations and national values will be irrevocably changed.

September 25th. A German submarine has caught the British fleet napping, U No. 9, commanded by Capt. Otto Weddigen is successful in destroying three mighty English cruisers, and all on board receive the Iron Cross for this daring deed, a pretty brave feather in the cap of the German navy.

Any success that is scored in the navy, is welcomed with joy by the German nation, for their fleet is considered so inferior in size and numbers to that of the English enemy.

The battle in France stands the same, a deadlock, so to speak. There are advances and repulses on both sides and great, great losses, each army warily watches for a weak spot in the line of the enemy.

The heel of Achilles, must be uncovered before any decisive victory be forthcoming.

Rheims burning, the cathedral doomed, with its wondrous old facade, its glorious colored windows of the Christ-life, with softly woven tapestries, and its godly shrines doomed, for the French in their own land, with their own treasures, play false by *using the spire as a signal station,* after both armies' agreement to put the historical old building under the protection of the white flag. Thus, a gem of France is sacrificed by France's own act, and General Joffre is forced to issue an order for strong punishment to all French soldiers who rob and plunder in their own country, yet Germany's enemies, and they are legion, protest against criminal acts of German troops.

General French, of the British Army, has asked for the Victoria Cross, the highest military order in England, which is only given for acts of heroism on the battle-field for General Smith-Dorrien, who has been able to withdraw his army so quickly that it only sustained slight losses. Realize it. The Victoria Cross for heroic retreat. And Major Yat, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, a prisoner-of-war, in Torgau, escapes, but fearing the consequences of his admission of the use of the Dum-Dum by his own soldiers commits suicide.

As an onlooker in Venice, one must go into the addition and subtraction of this various news that comes from the border—to arrive at a fair total; but figures don't lie, and one so often thinks, "what will the world say, or what will the world do," about this, that, or the other atrocity or misdeed, or damning policy of war dishonesty—and in silent dumbfoundedness we realize, there *is* no world left to say, there is no world left to do, as the great cause of America's neutrality, as stated by the President is, that we are every nation at war, we are the compressed out-put of all the warring European races. We can't, we must not be disintegrated, even for the sake of Right or Wrong of other nations, even for the great crying cause of humanity.

The only voice loud enough, strong enough, to cry out, stop, or, I stop you, the only voice that would be listened to, is silent, for we Americans have made ourselves, we live to ourselves, we live for ourselves, we are wedded and welded together,

Von Moltke

and we must not be rifted by the disturbances of our various forbears.

So there is left no Court of Appeals!

One is very much impressed with the fact demonstrated by this European turmoil that all nations fear England.

In America, we shrug our shoulders and speak of the proximity of Canada, in Holland they must keep and guard their Pacific possessions.

In Spain there is one thing, and in Scandinavia another, and so on, but over all, if one looks deep into the very heart of things, one finds, the sentiments of a people may tend this way or that—but under all, over all, is more or less the fear of England.

Supreme on land and sea.

She is a cross old Grand-dame, who threatens and who promises.

Irascible in her will she takes away the sweets and thrashes, or she holds out her protection and promises as the case may be—but Europe has not thrown off the yoke of English fear, so long carried, and if America wants to call her soul her own, it behooves her to let the Cramp Yards and all the other yards ply the anvil and the hammer and let the Senate and the House vote and voice unanimously—a bigger—greater Navy.

Only the beginning of the reflex pains of war now come to America over the seas.

Those who thought that they and their country was forever immune from the contagion of battle, now realize that one part at least, of our body

national, shows symptoms of illness, and a very vital part at that.

A war-tax is to be levied, one-hundred million dollars must be raised for the deficit caused by this European war. This will wake us rudely from our sleeping dreams.

The tempest across the sea was announced to Europeans by long and threatening thunder, but to Americans it came as a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, and the bolt struck near enough to smell sulphur.

Many of us, I am sorry to admit, have expected to watch a European war, as a spectacle, a ferocious, savage, monstrous spectacle, to be sure, nevertheless a spectacle.

Now we are drawn into the picture, and it is suddenly brought to our notice, that the modern world is bound together by such close ties that a blow struck anywhere, makes its effect felt everywhere.

So it has not taken long for us to feel the crisis by direct experience, the closing of the Stock Exchange, the whole trans-atlantic steam-boat service in confusion, mails stopped, freight stopped, passengers left where they happen to be, German cables cut! Until it all seems a horrible nightmare, the whole world is topsy-turvy!

And there are many other things, mostly unpleasant, that make us aware that the tender threads of the great net of international relations cannot be broken without making us all feel the effects—the rise of prices—the increase of taxes—and of

many products, we have hardly enough for our own needs, and many others must of necessity be imported, for the one-hundred millions of humans must be fed, and we have not lent a listening ear to the urgent voice, so long and insistently calling for a merchant marine.

How strange to have to pay a war tax when we are at peace with the whole world; but the loss in custom duties alone is about five-hundred millions, which has to make good one way or another; but neutrality costs something in money, or in blood, or both.

For some time, and in many ways, the United States will be the sole provider of the world, but, in the meantime, the bills have to be paid.

And all America, big and little, was making ready to spread a great feast, and bid all nations come to the City of the Golden Gate.

These, so far, are the national effects of the European war—the personal effects will be many and far-reaching.

October 3rd. Aachen. We are on the Belgian border-line, where one feels the throbbing pulse of war, at its highest fever mark.

The railroad journey from Berlin was wonderfully comfortable and wonderfully interesting.

The train service is exact.

Many officers, troops and Red Cross men on board, fresh for the front, all quiet and happy, and eager to arrive, all so hopeful, all so confident of an ultimate success, no matter how hard the work, no matter how high the price.

It is the law of "ich muss" that governs the individual, that governs the nation, that follows, that admits of no failures.

The stubbornness of the German, a trait that we often complain of in our playground of personal relationship, is in the strife of battle, a telling factor of success.

The German line holds their ground and are slowly advancing, they are patiently looking forward to this long postponed victory.

The life on the tracks, in the stations, is interesting in many ways—to look at a people at close range in war-time is no mean study.

There is train after train of troops, they are all gay and laughing, smoking, reading papers, writing over the cars in broad chalk letters, such amusing phrases as—

Jeder Schuss ein Russ
Jeder Stoss ein Franzos'
Jeder Tritt ein Brit'
Jeder Klaps ein Japs

and calling out "Auf Wiedersehen, hübsche Schwester," and greeting, cheering the out-going, incoming trains!

And train after train of hospital cars going to fetch the wounded.

Many beds are swung in one car, each car has its medical attendant, and a dining car where everything necessary can be secured.

And train after train of ammunition, each car guarded, and the strange-looking old wooden coun-

try wagons with their deadly load of explosives, are covered with green branches.

We throw the papers to the soldiers, who tell us they have been on the journey some fifty-six hours, and are bound "nach Antwerpen," with their 42 centimeter bombs and all sorts and sizes of munition.

The railway stations are practically in charge of the Red Cross, where bright-faced girls dole out hot coffee, sandwiches and so forth, not forgetting cheery greetings.

They are so amusing to look at, these soldier boys, with their chubby faces, flowers in their epaulettes, stuck in their boot-tops, pinned on their coats, worn in their caps—at every station a posy for good luck, which makes them look like some gay cavalcade off for a holiday, instead of troops going to face the mouth of the cannon, the ring of the shrapnel, the roar of the mortars.

Aachen, this century old imperial city of the Romans, renowned for its sulphur baths, where the ancients came for their pains and pleasures, is today a city of hospitals, nearly every hotel is a Lazaret, and the Red Cross flag flies from many a window, that has erstwhile looked on the everyday scenes of a counting-house, a gay restaurant, commercial life or private dwellings.

And the Red Cross Army, the doctors, nurses, even dogs that wear the order, and the war-hero convalescent, fill the streets, and make up the passing throng.

Motors whizz in and whizz out, great grey army

motors, bringing in or taking out their loads of officers, motors with the Red Cross which covers the whole back of the machine are bringing in the wounded, and whole trains of motors leaving for the field, packed with love-gifts, Liebesgaben, the warm woolen things, cigars, cigarettes, illustrated papers, candies, blankets, everything that everybody thinks of, for the man fighting for his country, aside from the necessary supplies.

Many of these machines are given and driven by their owners, and their mission does not end here, for they give quick transport to the sick from the field.

Here in Aachen one is not so much in touch with news as in Berlin, but one is more in touch with military feeling and sentiment.

Many a young man comes out of these awful battles, battles of machines just as much as battles of men, with hair turned grey and body-bent, as well as with shot-wounds.

The terror of modern warfare is stamped on every face, the nerve-strain, the body-rack has left its trace, but courage of mind and heart is not shaken, the one desire is—recovery—to rejoin their regiment.

There are many sad, there are many awful tales that are told, and the feeling against England and the English runs high.

In passing through Cologne, we are told on reliable sources, that the English prisoners brought there had curved knives in their boots; but one could not go so far as to credit it with belief.

And an officer in the hotel where we are stopping objected to the waiter taking our orders in English, and on enquiry, I was told that out of seven-hundred men he had one-hundred and fifty left owing to English troops raising the white flag. His soldiers advanced for a truce to receive fire from two trenches of armed men. Two wounded privates have told us the same story.

The English then use the white flag, as a decoy duck, so to speak, to lead the enemy into the range. If we had not been told this personally we could have not believed it.

It only goes to show the result of the English militarism of these past years, fighting only with savages and half-breeds, upon whom they deemed it unnecessary to waste time and ammunition in aught but tricky warfare, they have got into the habit of it. Dishonest in warfare, as well as dishonest in politics.

For many years, England has stood as a pedestal of virtue, the pedestal is smashed to atoms and England lies low in a mire of disgrace.

October 5th. One month ago to-day the battle in France commenced. This has developed into a world's game of chess, with pawns of shrapnel and granite, and it looks largely as if the victory will be to the one who places men and machines to the best advantage.

There is no discouragement in the German officer, in the German soldier; the answer is always—"Wir müssen siegen" and that ends the question.

It is this law that runs through the web and

woof of their make-up, that makes the strength of the German army indomitable.

All the same, this is a very grave time, a very grave anxiety, not only to Germany, but to the world at large and many hearts are rent in twain by personal losses.

One's admiration of the German army, of the German character, of the German strength and self-sacrifice, grows stronger day by day.

There are many returned invalided from the battle-field, who wear the Iron Cross, both old and young.

An aged General, past his three score years and ten, proudly wearing the first order, but bent and broken after eleven days' battle.

The young lieutenants who have done and dared beyond the dreams of bravery, and the flyers who go and know they go almost to certain death, have done deeds heroic beyond compare.

We hear that thirty-eight thousand Iron Crosses have been bestowed, but after watching the long, slow-moving trains of wounded, creeping through wood and dale, every day bringing in their load of suffering, dying humanity, when we pass through the streets fairly thronged with bandaged men, the lame, the halt, the blind, when we think of the dead upon the battle-fields, those who are prisoners of war and those dragging out weary days on beds of sickness, then all the iron in Germany cannot be fashioned into a Cross too much, for those who have fought in the thick of these battles are one and all heroes.

We feel very much the stranger in this war-faring city of soldiers, hospitals and what not, and never hear a word of our mother-tongue and when we hear the sound of American lingo it sounds like music to our ears.

Two men just in from the front in dark, field uniforms are American war correspondents. What a great thing for Germany that at last there are eye-witnesses to tell the tale, to write the story to the mis-informed neutral power of America. However, a German's word is as good as his bond. He may, at times be uncouth, but he is always honest. At least, we in America believe this, or we would not continue our fast-growing relationship of commerce and cultural intercourse with a dishonest, lying, thieving nation.

We are too careful tradesmen for that. A German statement, even in war times can be relied upon, but in face of the gross mis-statements of events that one reads, for instance, in the "Daily Mail" of London, where calumnies and untruths are transmitted by cable and otherwise over the Atlantic, it is a very good thing for Germany and for the future opinions of all nations and especially the United States that American war correspondents are now to be allowed to be for a time, at least, with the German army.

They come in an absolutely neutral spirit, as strict non-partisans and if there is any shadow of feeling to be detected, one way or another, it is the shadow of Western opinion opposed to Germany, concurred by journalistic misrepresentation. But

at least, they come with keen eyes and quick ears to learn the truth, to send home the truth, and if there is anything condemnatory to the country and to the warfare of the Kaiser, it will fairly fly over the cables to inform all America.

So far, Mr. Cobb and Mr. McCutcheon have been twice in Belgium with the army, in Louvain for four days and have just returned from the battle-front in France and are unable to report a single case of atrocity, cruelty, drunkenness, or any kind of disorder; they speak most highly of the strictness, discipline, and humanity of the German officers and men, their endurance, fortitude, devotion to their cause, and never failing courage.

In Maubeuge they found a depot of Dum-Dums of French manufacture, where sixty-thousand cartridges were stored in sealed boxes bearing the manufacturers' name, year 1913, also the model of 1908 and on an outside wrapper the destination. We have seen the original photograph of the depot and further, have seen the original photograph of wounds made by the Dum-Dum shot.

The two photographs were of leg wounds and of thigh wounds, on German soldiers taken in the field hospitals. At the entrance of the shot, the wound is not bigger than the top of a little finger, and where it comes out, one could easily put a fist in the jagged hole. What a pity these correspondents were not in Louvain on the 25th of August to give the lie to the oath that the Belgian Commission sent to President Wilson.

We hear that in America there is a great wave

of indignation all over the country against the Kaiser, who is supposed to be the cause of this bloody, death-dealing conflict.

The Kaiser, in the land of the Stars and Stripes has long been represented as a picturesque war figure—the War Lord—who followed the call of the trumpet for gain and glory, a military poseur, whose devouring ambition was to be reckoned as a modern Frederick the Great, or Napoleon come to victory, who loves the distraction of the waving helmet, clink of sword, and the glittering trappings of battle array, who is willing to sacrifice the precious lives of his subjects and to bring dire distress and destruction to all nations, simply to satisfy, the over-weening love of a Conqueror, to ride victoriously at the head of a victorious army through the Brandenburger Tor, over rivers of blood.

One is sorry to admit that this is more or less, and decidedly more, the popular repute of the Kaiser in our Western hemisphere.

As a matter of fact—War Lord—the misnomer which we have translated to mean the very Lord of War is from "Kriegsherr" meaning the leader of the Army and Navy by constitutional right, the same right as is held by the King of England and the President of the United States.

If the Kaiser really wanted war, why did he allow the opportunity to pass, to strike, when he could have done so more conveniently than today?

During the twenty-six years of his reign, the German Emperor has succeeded in keeping the Eu-

ropean peace. Carnegie, our advocate of world peace, only a few months ago paid this so-called War Lord a great tribute in the name of the lovers of peace, a tribute to his peace work; so that for Americans to state now, that His Majesty wanted war, only to wear the laurels of ambition for himself, is a very great injustice.

If he had wanted to draw the sword, he has often had opportunity and opportunities, which could have been much more favorable for him than the present situation.

When the Russian Empire was at war with Japan, the Kaiser was ten years younger and Germany covered the back of the Russian forces and ten years after his coming to the throne the Dreyfus affair in France gave the war-chance if there had been a wish to seize it through the accusation that Germany was playing her hand in this game.

Then came the Boer war, when Germany turned a deaf ear to the call of the Russians and the French. France was up in arms about Fashoda and urged Germany to attack Great Britain while she was engaged in war in South Africa.

Did the Kaiser move? Did the Kaiser strike? Or did he keep the peace?

The Agadir incident offered war, if war had been so eagerly wanted; but the Kaiser stood firm as a rock of peace against the storm of war clouds that darkly threatened.

He not only hated war, but avoided every chance for a war.

In Brussels, since the German occupation many important documents have been found, which bring convincing evidence that Belgium also, for several years, has been partner of this plot, that King Albert had sacrificed the so-called neutrality of his country to British ambitions and arrangements and by an official statement we learn that the arrangement for the landing of British troops on the Belgium and French coast and their transportation to the German border have been perfected in every detail, more than a year ago—all ready for the signal come in what form or face it may.

Germany has reached the decisive point of her life. She must be grandly, gloriously victorious over the hydra-headed enemy, she must reign supreme in Europe, by force of might and right and end these attacks of war which sap her life-strength and for ever keep up a European turmoil, or Germany the Vanquished, will revert to her former Kingdom, State of small powers, and small principalities and in the future be of no national account on sea and land.

The U. S. and Germany, two nations of different languages, but practically the same ethics, must know one another better. Every barrier that is in the way of a common meeting ground should be hastily done away with, for at no distant day, the greatest nation of the Western hemisphere, and this Teuton nation of Europe, holding to the same tenets of national honesty, law and morality, the only two great powers left in the world *not allied* with the Muscovite, the Yellow Race, the weak,

decadent Latin, *may* be drawn together against a common foe.

Germans and Americans for the most part know one another only in a commercial world, in the trading circles.

We bring over their rarest song-birds and talented orchestra-leaders, and present Wagner as it is done nowhere else and are coming to the meeting of the ways in literature, by the interchange of university professors and in science and medicine, we are more or less, borrowing literally from the Germans.

Outside of diplomatic circles in Washington, one rarely meets a German in America, not counting the German-resident in business.

The class of German men corresponding to that of the English gentleman, the British peer, rarely crosses the Atlantic, for this class in Germany are all officers of the army, who seldom leave their country and consequently are an unknown quantity to the man in the States.

Our women seldom meet. The German is told her American sister is a pretty doll, petted and pampered, ignorant and purse-proud and in America we think only of German feminity as the trained Hausfrau, with her counting-book, taught in the ways of thrift and homely virtues; but the graces of womanhood as far beyond her as her frills and furbelows.

Our politicians and men of affairs rarely clasp hands across the sea in spite of the efforts of the Emperor and some influential Americans.

We have no common meeting ground for sports, in racing, yachting, polo, horse-shows and so forth and so to speak, the German world, and the American world, are strangers, one to another, except in the counting-house.

Americans seldom travel in Germany. They go to the Spas, the cures, and then are off to enjoy the joys and pleasures of their regained health on the play-grounds of England and France.

So, on the whole, when we sum it up we have hardly a bowing acquaintance with the Germans and we are very apt to believe what we are told, or what we see in print and really don't care very much whether we do or not.

Now, it behooves us to care. America must watch with a keen eye, the development of these wars, and lend an understanding mind and be on guard for the whole world is in danger, and who knows but sooner or later America and Germany may be jointly called to share the responsibility of the new order of things terrestrial and it may also be that only these two countries together can swing back the balance of the world.

October 9th. Antwerp has fallen after a twelve days' siege, General Beseler and his army have entered in.

On the 28th of September the first shot was fired and on the 7th of October, according to the rules of The Hague Convention, the bombardment of the town was announced.

Too loath to lead her own flesh and blood in this

war, showing the desperate lengths to which she is reduced by calling the Asiatic and Muscovite for aid—whom her own Colonies Canada and Australia, are unwilling to have within their borders, too brutal to consider human feelings, England leads Belgians, as well as Indians to the slaughter house and deeds of horror have accompanied this breakdown of the Belgian country which called to the heavens for revenge.

The Belgian King was inclined to hand over Antwerp, but England said "No." England took command of the harbour and destroyed German vessels. Antwerp, therefore, is a victim of English brutality and selfishness, with Grey and Churchill as the guilty parties, the Lord High Executioners, for after the brave defence the surrender of the town of Antwerp would not have spelt disgrace to the Belgians and the catastrophe of Antwerp will remain for ever in British history a monument of shame, a warning example to nations to put not their faith and trust in England.

On Great Britain's shoulders rests the responsibility that the most beautiful and prosperous town of the Belgians, the home of Rubens, and the historic Plantain Museum, has been exposed to bombardment and fire.

The punishment fits the crime, and Antwerp with its treasure-trove bows the head and bends the knee to German arms.

Brialmont's proud fortress could not resist the German mortars any longer.

The heathen may rage and the British imagine

The Czar of Russia and the English King

vain things, but the mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small.

Nothing that has happened since August 1st can be compared to the taking of Antwerp and its consequences.

By this, the entire conquest of Belgium has become a fact and Belgium falls as the first victim of Sir Edward Grey, the executor of the will of Edward the VII.

It also proves the fact that the Germans have studied the war on fortresses better than any other nation.

Destruction for the time is greater than construction, and with this in mind they have turned their science and skill to the 42 cm. gun and other strange and terrible weapons.

The art of fortification has not kept the same pace as the development of artillery, which is proved by the present war and which has considerably shaken and shattered the confidence in all kinds of fortification.

Like the walls of Jerusalem, they stand as a picturesque picture of ancient times and ancient warfare.

October 13th. The rumors that have been current of Belgium's double dealing are officially confirmed to-day by the Government Gazette namely: that the German military authorities since the occupation of Brussels have found in the captured archives of the Belgian war office most important documents, proving beyond question, the fact, that

there existed a military and naval convention between Belgium and the Powers of the Entente.

The captured state papers, now in possession of the German Government in Berlin, are convincing and condemnatory, beyond any shadow of doubt.

The contents of a "dossier" bearing the inscription "Intervention anglaise en Belgique" states clearly that as far back as 1906, the plan was perfected to send the British Expeditionary Force into Belgium in the case of a Franco-German war.

In a letter of the Chief-of-Staff of Belgium to the Secretary of War, dated April 10th, 1906, he writes: "That after repeated sessions, repeated interviews and consultations with Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston, the British Military Attaché in Brussels, he has upon his request, brought to a conclusion a detailed, military plan of joint operations, consisting of a British Expeditionary Force of one-hundred thousand men, with the Belgians against Germany.

This plan was agreed to by the British Chief-of-Staff, Major-General Grierson.

Whereupon the Belgian General-of-Staff was then furnished all details as to the strength and the systematical placing and arrangement of the British troops, all information as to the intended harbors of embarkation, time-tables for transportation of troops, supplies and so forth, and upon the basis of this information the Belgian General-Staff prepared and perfected the plan of campaign to the veriest detail, including the transportation of British troops into the Belgian zone of concen-

tration, also the arrangement for interpreters to accompany the British army, the care of their wounded, and the arrangement for Belgian gendarmes to be placed at their disposal.

The joint working of the two armies was thus studiously, minutely planned, and had gone so far in completion.

As Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne are named as the harbors of landing for the British troops, it becomes clear that also the French railroads must be used, consequently the French General Staff must also have agreed to this procedure.

The three powers have drawn their plans together and the documents speak quite plainly of the "Allied Armies."

A map of the French concentration is found and Colonel Barnardiston regrets that it is impossible to count upon Holland's help and connivance and communicates confidentially the intention of the British Government to make Antwerp the base of supplies for the British troops, as soon as all German men-of-war have been swept off the North Sea and directs Belgium to create an espionage service in the Rhine provinces.

The secret material also contains a report of Baron Greindl—for many years, the Belgian Minister in Berlin.

The plan of the combined General Staffs has come to his knowledge and on the 23rd December, 1911, he makes a sharp criticism of Great Britain's naive and perfidious offers.

So the contents of all these secret documents given to-day by the press to the people prove that the information in the hand of German authorities about this plot, was not far wrong, but very right and is a complete explanation and justification of Germany's military behavior on the first days of August.

This publication of secret documents will be an eye-opener for the Belgian people and to all the neutral powers and will proclaim to one and all the villain in the plot, and to whom Belgium is indebted for the enormous catastrophe which it has undergone.

So, at last, proof is in the hands of Germany that Belgium became a secret Ally of the Entente.

But what a strange coincidence, that on the very same day, the 12th of October, the day on which the German Government published part of the discovered documents, the London Times, in ignorance of these discoveries, published the following:—"Neutrality was a fateful gift for Belgium." It prevented her from negotiating any kind of military or other treaties and making agreements to secure the rapid and decisive help of her English friends.

The English and Belgian Staff could make no suitable plans for military preparations, troop transports, Railway, Commissary service, etc., without considering the matter as strictly violating neutrality.

Sir Edward Grey's speech of August 3rd, 1914, denies that England is under any obligation to

France; but admits that since 1906 a military and naval convention has existed between them.

And of such is the book of revelations which is given us to read.

October 14th. If one could be in Rotterdam or Rosendaal these days, what a panorama of tragedy could be seen.

Thirty-thousand British, French and Belgian soldiers, and three-hundred thousand refugees of all classes, from point-lace and diamonds to the homely homespun, soldiers and civilians, bankers and beggars, sane and insane, all fleeing, flying, by train and wagon, on foot, anyway, anyhow, with possessions, without possessions, a flight out of Antwerp from the incoming German army.

Save about forty-thousand inhabitants, Antwerp is deserted, only hungry dogs left to feed off dead horse-flesh.

The raging fires caused by the Belgians igniting petroleum tanks are being extinguished by German soldiers and Antwerp is saved.

The Belgian prisoners complain very much of the English. For instance, the Commandant of Antwerp, then an Englishman, had assured the citizens that they would have an English army of one-hundred and twenty-thousand men (which should have arrived eight days earlier) but when it came, it consisted of barely twenty-five thousand and *not* the Belgians, but the English first took flight when the powerful German mortars knocked down one fort after the other.

The Belgian fugitives in Holland are being entreated to return, not only by the German officials but by the small band of Belgian inhabitants who have remained and find the German occupation far from a fearful thing.

The one and only thing the British accomplished was the destruction of provisions valued at two-hundred million francs, without the permission of the Belgian authorities.

But the City of Antwerp, lying so proudly by the deep, broad Scheldt, one of the strongest fortresses in the world, one of the greatest seaports in Europe and the principal arsenal of the Kingdom of Belgium, is rescued from destruction of shot and shell.

Stamped with its mediæval prosperity, adorned by its magnificent cathedral, on the walls of which hang Rubens far-famed winged picture of the "Descent from the Cross," rich in its possession of the masterpieces of art, Antwerp is saved!

Aachen, October 15th. In the beautiful Aachen Stadtwald which circles this old, imperial city, where pine and beech are such close neighbors that the sun's rays rarely break through, on a high knoll in the clearing, stands the Bismarck Tower. Hewn of rough stone, rising high and bold, with bas reliefs of Bismarck, Moltke and Roon, it holds aloft a crowned-formed crate in which a great bon-fire burns on Bismarck's birthday.

These Bismarck towers are all over Germany. In this way the Germans burn incense to his memory on his fête-day and it is opposite here, in the

deeps of the pines, where they are laying their heroes to rest.

It is very touching this new-begun soldier city of the dead. Three times a week funerals of not less than sixteen, those dying of wounds in Aachen.

This is Catholic Germany and in the waning twilight of these gold October days, these crowds of grief-bowed people go homeward through the silent pinewoods chanting their "Ave Marias."

But it makes but scant difference if one wanders to the right or to the left out of Aachen, or through the ancient city gate, at every turn and corner there are signs and traces of war. From afar one sees the wounded being brought in and the prisoners, a motely crowd of Sengalese, Zouaves, English and so forth, all treated with good temper by the German soldiers, who break bread with them, and offer them cigarettes; for they are all comrades in arms, each, no matter the race, fighting for his country.

And we drive into the borderland of four countries where Holland, Germany, Belgium and Moresnet join lands and even venture across, the Belgium frontier and go into Gimmelbach, the beginning of the franctireur district, where the first disturbances occurred.

It is such a pretty, peaceful little village in its setting of green hills and green meadows, it is hard to realize that tragedy has written a blood-red chapter across its pages.

There are the signs that tell the story, houses where they first fired on the German troops are razed to the ground and notices of warning to the

inhabitants, posted on the outside walls by the Commander of the passing army. At this time, in one room three hostages are held, the best known men of the village and at the breaking of the law by any one citizen, their lives are a sacrifice.

Summary justice!

We hear plainly the firing, they are trying the new guns at Lüttich, and on this road the army has passed and the road is rutted and broken.

The Landsturm guards are all good-humored and have made themselves huts of leaves and thickets, for the protection against the early frost; one is an acrobat by trade and has his trained dog with him who affords much amusement and is just as serious in doing good guard work as his master.

On the other side of Aachen nestled in hill and valley is the St. Rafael Hospital with its black-robed sisters of sainted lives and sainted faces, nursing the wounded, caring for the dying.

The life of Aachen so varied, but always of war —to the war, from the war, will never be forgotten. It leaves sad but brave memories of Germany, and Germany's warrior sons.

Berlin, October 21st. Back to Berlin we find the dark, dreary days have come, the saddest of the year; the trees are nude of their green, the forerunner of winter is in the air; there is a touch of color in the autumn chrysanthems that adorn the public squares, and in the heather-ladened window-boxes of the avenues; but there is the darkness of a German autumn; and the darkness of a German war over all.

The battles on the French border and in France are as strenuous and stubborn as ever.

The entrenched soldiers on both sides have been enduring the fighting for weeks, without practically a marked change of position.

There is little progress one side or another, advance, repulse, repulse, advance, is the daily chronicle, and the week's record, though the Germans believe they are slowly gaining.

The French have the great advantage of fighting in their own country, where every inch and hill and cranny of the "terrain" is known and the great advantage also of the help of their civilian country population, this combined help must be very, very great, and very saving in man and machines to the French army.

In looking ahead there seems to be no time limit in the battle arena.

What throw of the dice will win this game of war no one knows, a re-enforcement of numbers, endurance, some new strategy or what; but this strain on all countries, on all people is very, very great.

In the East the German army advances towards Warsaw.

The German Officials in Antwerp urge the refugees to return and take up their former life under the protection of the German Government.

The German army pushes on through Ostend towards Dunkirk. Here one dreads to think what the battles will be. England is putting forth all her forces on sea and land to guard the French Coast.

Germany is absolutely dauntless in her onward march, in her onslaughts.

This will be the fiercest struggle that has ever been seen in the world's history, the extermination, the sacrifice, of hoards and hosts of armored men, will go on, day by day, night by night, never ceasing until Germany conquers, or is conquered.

Although their losses are enormous the Germans are not dismayed or discouraged, they believe in their supremacy on land, they believe in their ultimate victory, they believe in the right of their cause, and defence of their country; they possess the faith that removes mountains.

As a people, as a populace, they show great strength of character, they wait patiently, they suffer silently, they go on their way bravely, there are no hysterics of victory, there are no hysterics of losses.

They work in millions of ways in the cities, to aid the millions of men in the field.

Even those who are not in sympathy with this country or its people, are in great admiration of Germany and the Germans, under the stress of war.

The gigantic, far-spreading work of war is a potent portion for their suffering, and to add to this they have now three-hundred thousand prisoners to care for, including three Belgian, six French and eighteen Russian Generals.

We hear the English have lost several Corps Commanders, amongst them, Herbert Hamilton, the General who started his military career as a ranker, and also that there is quite a campaign in London

against Winston-Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Neither the First Lord, nor the First Sea-Lord, Prince Battenberg, nor the combination of the two, convinces the nation, that the navy is led by the best of talents. If Winston-Churchill remains in the Admiralty, his activities must be restricted to his own duties.

The fact remains that eight-thousand untrained men were sent to Antwerp to defend the city against the trained forces of Germans.

The English marines were turned into artillerists in the short space of a few days and one even with the slightest military experience, could foresee the failure of such an undertaking.

When the German artillery fire set in, the men had to leave the guns where they were and the retreating English were so hard-pressed they did not stop until they had reached Ostend.

Now the battle is for the control of the Channel Coast.

The fight is raging round Ypres where the Allies have brought powerful reinforcements.

The English warships bombarded Ostend and will doubtless play their part now.

Official reports state, one-hundred and sixty-thousand Japanese are landed at Danij, on the Yellow Sea, to be transported to German and Austrian frontiers, twenty-thousand on their way to India to take the place of the Indian troops which have been sent to France and may also be used against Turkey, should the Sublime Porte cast her lot with Ger-

man and Austria, and one-hundred thousand held in readiness for Russia and France.

So Japan is admitted to the battles and conference of things European.

European preference in the East has thereby been sacrificed, and the gates thrown open to the Yellow danger.

Not content with this, barbarian and semi-barbarian mobs, are imported to let loose on a civilized European nation.

Truly, the English Government has done more harm to the cause of Christianity by taking up arms against the German people than can be repaired by centuries of missionary efforts and millions of missionary gifts.

And when one thinks and says that England has committed a sin against civilization one merely repeats an expression used some months ago by Lord Haldane himself in a protest against this war that has been signed and issued by some of the noblest of English scholars and public men.

It is very difficult to believe and realize that these events are world's facts to-day.

England's foresight and fore-thought has created a French Gibralter.

For two years England has rented grounds and buildings in Havre, and for two years has been garrisoning five-thousand men there with a Dreadnought station in Havre harbor.

This is only the beginning. England wants a station on the Continental coast from which to rule the channel.

It is the same method which was employed when England occupied the Rock of Gibralter.

England is powerful in her diplomacy, she outranks all powers in this subtle game.

Her diplomacy is supreme and has been since the Elizabethan age.

October 18th. The time has come for us to leave Germany, after three months of war-time, in which we have seen the country, her sons and her sons' sons fighting so bravely and her daughters living so self-sacrificingly.

The most salient feature of the German nation during the throes of the present time, has been the absolute unanimity of judgment, purpose and spirit, that characterizes every class, rank and calling.

The losses are great, but according to their code, the life of the soldiers, battalions and army corps and the life of the individual counts not in comparison to the life of the nation.

The state out-lives the individual.

Generation after generation die and disappear, but the country must live on to develop into greatness and power and for the protection and prestige of their Fatherland, they are brought up and live in the belief that they must aim, work, sacrifice and die, for the greatness of the Empire.

This training and belief produces a race like the Spartans of old, they are taught and trained to endure; it makes a country stronger than the strong protection of walls and ramparts.

But every big character has small faults; so with

nations, and the war whatever the decision may be will revolutionize many things in Germany.

That is most decidedly the "handwriting on the wall."

There is much prejudice and class feeling to be overcome, much narrowness, much mediævalism in form and feature of social life that to the onlooker seems stage-play and makes of these people a different people from the rest of the world.

It comes from living in a room with the door locked and bolted; few go out, fewer come in!

Consequently they are *démodé* in their views of life, and he who thinks differently, acts differently, who becomes free from the bondage of ancient ideas, customs and prejudices, he who goes among other worlds, other peoples, is condemned by the old; he has flown the nest.

Two traits stand out, they are naturally suspicious and hyper-sensitive. All this is most regrettable, for it shuts out much understanding, much intercourse to those who are not "we Germans."

But with such a Kaiser, such a virile, vital race, such an army, which is the bone and sinew of the Empire, and such a navy, everything can be done and one has only sympathy and admiration for this magnificently disciplined and cultured nation, facing North, South, East, West, to repel its foes on land and sea.

There are many who think and believe that the situation involves nothing less than the reshaping of Europe by Teutonic hands.

It is a new European Empire swinging into

being and if Europe doesn't like it, Europe will have to fight over the matter for years to come; for German ascendancy seems as inevitable as sunrise to-morrow.

There are many, too, who think that while the cost seems fearful and wholly unnecessary, yet old Europe is no more.

The Europe of the future will be a freer, a more released, a more democratic Europe, which is the only sheen of light in the fearful darkness which now falls upon Europe.

But, finally, as to the outcome not much can yet be said as there is nothing so idle as prophecy.

One of our great American professors, who knows Germany and the European situation from long years of study and experience, writes: "Whether the Giant of Middle Europe will be able to break the bonds which in the last ten years have been wound about him, and under whose smarting cut he is now writhing or, whether the fetters will be rivetted together cannot easily be fore-told.

But assuming the one or the other, we may speculate with some degree of accuracy regarding the political situation which will result.

The triumph of Germany-Austro-Hungary can never be so complete as to make any changes in the present map of Europe.

All that could effect would be the momentary abandonment of the Russian Pan-Slavic program, the relegation to dormancy of the French "Revanche" and the stay of Great Britain's hand from the destruction of German commerce. On

the other hand, the triumph of Great Britain-Russia-France, cannot fail to give Russia the mastery of the Continent of Europe, and restore Great Britain to her sovereignty over the seas. These two great powers, who now already between them possess almost the half of the whole world, would then, indeed, control the destinies of the earth.

Well may we draw back in dismay before such a consummation. The "rattle of the sabre" would then be music to our ears in comparison with the crack of the Kossack's knout and the clanking of Siberian chains, while the burden of taxation which we would be obliged to suffer in order to create and maintain the vast navy, and army necessary for the defence of our territory and commerce throughout the world against these gigantic powers, with their oriental Ally, Japan, would sap our wealth, endanger our prosperity, and threaten the very existence of republican institutions.

This is no time for shallow thought or flippant speech. In a public sense it is the most serious moment of our lives. Let us not be swayed in our judgment by prejudice or minor considerations. Men and women like ourselves are suffering and dying for what they believe to be the right, and the world is in tears. Let us wait and watch patiently, and hope sincerely that all this agony is a great labor-pain of history and that there shall be born through it a new era of prosperity, happiness and righteousness for all mankind."

All the help that in the small way, as strangers, we have been able to give, is not the tithe of what

we wanted to give and with regret and reluctance, we go away from Germany's capital and Germany's people.

We can only wish and hope that yet some unseen, some unknown power, will pour oil on these troubled European waters and that sooner than we think or hope, there may be Peace.

The Hague, October 25th. We have come from a country at war to a country in peace.

The change is impressive. No grey army motors, Red Cross nurses, wounded on stretchers and the military from the sunrise to the starlight.

Just peace over the dunes, over the flat green landscape, over the people!

The realm of Queen Wilhelmina, so rich and far spreading in its Colonies, so prosperous and peaceful at home, with its windmills and saboted people, stands firm, in its neutrality, holds out helping hands to all refugees, of all nations, opens her heart and her purse and accepts no recompense.

Holland is unique!

The Hague has been the centre of the most important diplomatic transactions in the world.

The time has long faded into the past when Holland was counted among the great powers—when her Fleet swept the North Sea with a broom at the mast-head.

But Holland has remained great as a land of science and art, as a land, too, of ideas, and this has led to The Hague being chosen as a place of meeting for the first Peace Conference.

In the stately pleasure palace in the House of

Orange, Het Huis ten Bosch, The House in the Wood, representatives of all countries met on the initiative of Czar Nicholas of Russia, in the summer of 1898 and there the foundations were laid for further discussion, there the permanent Court of Arbitration was founded.

The first step to realizing the Beautiful Ideal was taken when the Czar of all the Russias made his appeal to the Emperors, Kings and Presidents of the Old and New Worlds.

Hope which lay slumbering in many hearts was awakened after this first conference, which was at first only a vague passing thing, passing before the eyes.

Then it was that Andrew Carnegie gave a great fillip to the movement.

On the Scheveningen road, by his gift, stands the imposing Palace of Peace—the International Court of Arbitration—a library of the law of nations.

The copy of the Act of Donation signed on the 7th of October, 1903, at the Castle Skibo in Scotland reads as follows:

"Believing that the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration by the Treaty of the 29th July, 1899, is the most important step forward of a world-wide humanitarian character, which has ever been taken by the Joint Powers—as it must ultimately banish war—I, Andrew Carnegie, of the City of New York, am willing to furnish the sum of one and a half million dollars, for the said purpose, which sum has been placed at the disposal of the Netherlands Government."

When one stands before this "Court of the Peoples of the Earth," on the edge of the Dunes of this continuously reclaimed land of Holland—the gift of one born in the Scottish Highlands—the plan of an architect from Lille; where to-day many nations are struggling in deadliest strife around the citadel which is supposed to be Vauban's masterpiece—then this brave pile of stone, finished but a year ago, the house of the permanent Court of Arbitration, which is ultimately to banish war, stands as a tragedy and travesty to the ken of human sight.

Every country has sent a gift to the Peace Palace, and in view of war history and war events of the present day, it is very strange to pause and ponder!

The great monumental gates which close the broad avenues are from Germany—they bear the emblems of the scales which Justice holds and the Gordian knot which Alexander once severed to solve the riddle—and the entrance doors of wrought iron and the bronze inner doors are presented by Belgium, admitting to the vestibule, which leads to the grand staircase, lit by gilded candelabra, Austria's gift—and the grand staircase itself comes from The Hague.

Immediately above the main entrance stands a statue of Peace sheathing the sword of war.

And it is as if out of the dark foliage which surrounds the open space, that something very light and very fine, has stepped into the open—just as if

universal peace, after dark centuries of sanguinary strife will come!

The first stone was laid by Baron Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador, and bears the inscription "The generosity of Andrew Carnegie has delegated this house of Peace to be maintained by Justice."

But all the treaties of peace—all the peace compacts and contracts that can ever be written—all the Peace Palaces that can ever be built—can never banish war.

There will be always, War and Rumors of War.

It has been from the Beginning.

It will be to the end.

We find people of all classes—of all races in this capital city of the Netherlands—a great number of Russians and Belgians, and diplomats from everywhere—a mosaic of humanity—a mosaic of interest!

Seven-hundred thousand Belgian refugees have sought and found an asylum here—thirty-thousand military are interned.

So the Dutch are housing and feeding considerably more than one-tenth of their own numbers.

England offers six-hundred thousand florins as a contribution towards the maintenance of the Belgian refugees, but the Netherlands Government refuses this proffered aid.

Those wise men of Holland do not wish their country to be trammelled with the gratitude of a gift.

Their state is that of neutrality—their cause that of humanity!

They are strictly neutral, independent, wise, cautious and kind.

This is Holland to-day.

Neutrality in time of war does not imply that one must be without political judgment, or political interest, or political decision, but it does mean, that the neutral nation, during the course of the war, neither injures nor assists any of the combatants from a military stand-point.

And Holland guards her neutrality well!

We get papers from all countries, and from this heterogeneous lot of people, hear so many sides, to so many different questions—of so many different nations—that one's brain reels with ideas and opinions of war.

But the question we are most interested in naturally is the feeling at home.

We are very anxious to put our finger on the American pulse.

The press we know—but the people?

As a Nation, the U. S. in her quick decision, has not been fair, which makes many an American on this side of the great Gulf hot with shame.

As a country, we have read and re-read and listened to the story of the Allies, and it is not a pleasant thing to know that one's own people, so keen and sharp-witted by nature and repute, so on the outlook for flaws and faults and falseness in all transactions at home or abroad, sit now at the feet of the English Press, English accounts of the Cause, and the passing of Events, with eyes open

and mouth agap to believe the tale that is told with the credence of a child.

The representatives of the American Press have come decidedly prejudiced against the much to be dreaded, much to be feared, much hated race of Germans, and although they have not been too well treated, have gone back to the U. S. acknowledging they have been mis-informed and are fair and straight enough to admit it.

It seems the great hue and cry is Militarism.

Is the protection of a country by a country a just cause for Warfare?

To ask such a question is to answer it.

Then why not object to and attack primarily England and her Maritimism?

The latter does our neutral country and all neutral countries much harm, interfering with the trade, the Commerce on the high Seas. And the English have intentionally driven the Americans from the ocean by paying subsidies which they knew Congress would not pay.

They have driven us from the ocean by that policy as effectively as they ever drove an enemy from their guns.

Now, the European Steamship Companies do 9/10th of the Ocean carrying for the United States, and the fact remains that there is almost no American shipping to carry our grain and cotton to Europe. And does it concern us greatly if our neighbor guards his house, his valuables, by wiring or a burglar alarm?—by Militarism—or by Naval Power?

But Great Britain is the greatest exponent of this militarism, because she believes in the two Power standard, which means that her fleet must always be bigger than the two next biggest fleets on Earth.

She wants to defend her water-ways from the head of the British Empire to all its different members.

This is the perfectly plausible answer you get when you ask.

Very well, Germany must defend the water-ways of her trade, carrying a commercial fleet of five billion dollars' worth and in addition, must defend her threatened frontiers, and insurance on her national fortune, in people, land, and money.

This is militarism over which America has become a fanatic, until one might think the German nation, with the Kaiser in the lead, had ambition to sail over the blue, and install this dreaded militarism on our American shores, or flaunt it over the South American Republics, and that Europe must be delivered from this Imperial Militarism as from a scourge, to save its very existence.

But we have had at times a peculiar spasmodic, hysterical gullibility. We are living in the present, almost in the same mental attitude as in the commencement of the great struggle of 1870-71. For at that time European reports ridiculed Prussian effort, minimized all her endeavors, belittled her victories, and such was our "easy mark" attitude, that we believed and soon found ourselves con-

fidently believing that all the French had to do was to march in on German territory, and so prevalent was this idea, and accepted so generally, that Frank Leslie's Illustrated, proclaimed in its pages "A 'Berlin'—In three weeks, Napoleon will hold Court in Berlin."

In face of the ease in which we absorbed misstatements, we were hardly prepared in so short a space of time, six months, to learn of Kaiser William being crowned German Kaiser by the German Princess, in the courtly halls of Napoleon's Versailles, which ended the route leading from Saarbrück to Paris, characterized by many as the greatest military struggle the World has ever known, followed by the humiliating surrender of Napoleon, and the unheard of war indemnity of two Provinces, of five milliard francs. These were the trip hammer shocks that brought America's gullibility to its awakened senses and to the cognizance of the fact how easy we are to be worked by others.

Does history repeat itself as we are told in ancient law?

From others we hear that America's attitude is entirely a question of high finance.

Germany has been a bloody stained battle-field through the centuries.

She was a bulwark against the Huns, a victim of religious contest in 30 years of War, subject to Louis XIV and Napoleon's ambitions, and has suffered from not being a United country.

Since January 18, 1871, Germany's day of Inde-

pendence, Germany stands united, and has built up a commercial trade that has brought her great prosperity and riches.

Germany's chemical — electrical—agricultural—forestry—industries, have aroused Great Britain's jealousy, and to crush Germanv there is no method and means of destruction, that Great Britain will not resort to, and of course for the sake of "civilization" Germany and the German militarism must be destroyed.

Annexation of the colonies, prevention of imports, withdrawing of patents, are useful means to this end.

"A nation of shop-keepers" as Napoleon called England, cannot rise above the money standard. The following illustrates the facts:—

The Englishman declares he will fight it out to his last penny.

The German, we shall fight it out to the last drop of our blood.

We have also been asked if the Americans have forgotten the Mohawk Valley massacres, when the English paid a great price for the scalps of women and children in 1777 and their own officers resigned their commissions.

But soon we put out to Sea, and unless a floating mine sweeps us off the Ocean, we will steam past the Goddess of Liberty into New York Harbor and soon find out the real American attitude.

But the American—the individual in Europe in this War time has been admirable. Men have given up their vocations, their callings, their professions,

their homes, to give aid in varied and various ways to the dire distress, spread broad-cast on the face of the Earth.

And the Woman shines as a jewel above price in the American Crown of Glory.

She is supreme superior, wherever she is found in these war times. Irrespective of National pride or prejudice, she turns to work, promptly, patiently, with head and heart.

It is the woman's hour of need, and she answers the call—no matter the country—to relieve the suffering, to help the wounded, to help, to give, in any way she can.

She gives up entirely, her personal life, her personal pleasures.

In Lille, we know an American woman who remained through the siege, not considering her safety, at the time when near by Les Goumiers killed and beheaded the 26 German prisoners, and when the town was declared open, and German officers marched in, were shot, and street battles of the most desperate kind took place.

And the women in Münich, Vienna, Berlin, and the Hague, are accomplishing great results with their untiring, ceaseless energy, with the driving force of earnestness.

All we can gather is that America is tired of the war—we are tired reading about it, talking about it, hearing about it and only hope the belligerent powers will soon get tired too.

This war touches our pockets, ruins our trade, interferes with our pleasures and is becoming just

as much of a bore to the American people, as was the daily item of war news from the Balkans.

America wants Europe to hurry up and have peace.

The Americans that have been in France are French sympathizers, those in London are for England and everyone coming out of Germany is pro-German.

Thus it goes but the average American really argues that every nation may be right, every nation may be wrong, but it is of no vital interest who is right or who is wrong, who wins or who loses as long as America goes unscathed from the European fire.

But we want back our Stock Exchange, our commerce, our gay drawing rooms and pleasure trips, and only hope that Europe will soon get exhausted and stop.

We must not be drawn in; the Gods of war may beckon; but we shut our eyes and guard our peace and prosperity.

But Americans, as individuals and as a nation, *must* be brought to look the great gravity of this European situation straight in the face and to realize that the cause and outcome of these wars are of vital, national interest to America's present and future.

Americans could see, if they wanted to look, that this is not only a war between the nations of Europe; but a deciding war of future Government and future influence to the whole world and to our

world of America as well, although we lie miles over the ocean.

The ocean grows smaller every day; every year Europe is nearer than most of us seem to think.

We have a golden western land lying on the broad Pacific to protect, a Land of Fruit and Flowers, of trade and traffic and abiding in this fair country are about two-hundred thousand of a nation that may, by the raising of a finger in the Empire of the Rising Sun become a hostile army and imperil our cherished peace.

With the ocean road on the Pacific cleared, troops can come sailing in.

Where is our army? where are our arsenals? where our stores of ammunition?

We have a great and glorious country.

Have we a great and glorious army to stand guard, or do we think we are "thrice blesséd," in that we are to be for ever immune from wars on our shores or in our lands.

What is the objection to compulsory military service?

It can do no harm—It can do much good.

It is an excellent training in morals, in discipline, in health, it turns out a better class of men to fight their own battles should there be no countries' battles to fight for.

It takes the young men away from fancies and frivolities at an age when fancies and frivolities do most harm; it turns them into fine soldier-men, with clean health and clear brain.

Then, why not military service for America?

And we must realize that we can't for ever be impervious, immune to the very serious question of the supremacy of race and that the black wings of war can hover over our country as well as over another.

October 30th. Cannons roar on the banks of the Yser; battles every day go on furiously.

The Germans say frankly that Dunkirk is their objective point and Dunkirk they must have!

To secure the desired result they have flung into the scales every available means. Their troops have attacked the Allies with tremendous energy and bravery, fighting for more than a week without securing any marked advantage as a result of their sacrifices.

It is estimated that the total of the fighting line which Germany has to maintain at present, in the East and West, amounts to well over six-hundred miles.

The struggle in the theatre of war on the Yser, Ypres Canal and around Ypres, also south-west of Lille, is being continued with the same persistence.

The Germans have suffered heavily within the last week from the British monitors firing from the sea, but claim the British warships have been driven off by the appearance of their heavy guns—but every report makes it clear, that both sides have suffered enormous losses.

Will the Germans succeed in reaching Dunkirk —this is the question that both sides are anxiously asking at present.

The German forces consist of about seven army corps—the progress they have made is slight, but the battle is neither won nor lost.

The British navy has just lost a submarine, and the German navy a cruiser, by the deadly explosives that lurk under the water, and float around, one knows not where.

There is mine-laying in the North Sea and mine-laying as a form of warfare is causing the greatest anxiety to the vessels of neutral countries and to the fisherman and his fishing craft, a goodly number of whom have already gone down in the deep.

London announces that the entire North Sea must be considered military territory.

If only the half of what has been told is true, of the horrors and terrors of this war of these days, one is dumb with anguish for all the suffering; one report speaks of bridges of dead over the Yser, seven times have the Germans tried to cross in this way and that the Yser runs red with blood.

Shells come flying from the sea, from Ostend and Nieuport, bursting in the trenches, destroying bridges and causing terrible carnage along the whole line.

The Belgian King is now with his army, and issues the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers, our cities have been burned, our houses destroyed, and mourning has come over our dear Fatherland; but worse catastrophies will overcome our people if you do not deliver it from the

invader. It is an imperative duty! You can deliver your country with the aid of our brave Allies."

Admiral Lord Fisher has been appointed as First Lord of the Admiralty, as successor to Prince Louis of Battenburg, who has fallen the first victim of the germanophobe feeling of the populace. His forty years devoted service in the British Navy count for naught.

The whole British nation is rising up in animosity against Germans, even against those living for many years in England, and naturalized.

Why not rise up against their purely German royal family, in whose veins run German blood?

The grandfather of King George was a Prince of Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha, Queen Mary as a born Princess of Teck, is a purely German Princess, the Tecks being a side branch of the House of Württenburg.

Therefore, the King and Queen of England are Germans—even through Queen Victoria of the House of Hanover.

Such is the pedigree of the English royal family.

The nomination of Lord Fisher as First Sea-Lord puts into this important position the man who more than any other is the maker of the British Navy, and who is to the navy what Kitchener is to the army.

He is quoted as having said:—"I hope to live to see the whole German navy at the bottom of the sea."

The Turkish Fleet has been acting against Russian ports.

The possibility of Turkish participation in this great war has never been overlooked, and many fresh developments may follow in the wake of these hostile actions and will surely stir up the whole Balkan States.

It is believed that Turkey has masses of troops on the Russian frontiers, and strong forces facing Egypt.

A Cabinet Council in Lisbon has expressed its satisfaction at the preparations for war.

The Portuguese contingent will be sent to France at the beginning of December; Portuguese officers have already gone to London to get into direct communication with the English General Staff.

England's wish that Portugal should join the war will be made known at a meeting of both chambers of parliament.

By a secret treaty three-hundred thousand men will be put in the field at Great Britain's request.

How can one country hold out against so many?

Germany's bravery and courage and belief in herself and her victory, although bleeding at every pore, is prodigious.

How very passing strange it is to realize that in a short distance, these indescribable scenes of bloodshed go on and we are here in this sweet toy-land of happy people, in this noiseless, entrancing landscape, fashioned by the hand of man, and the sweat of his brow—"God made the sea, we made

the shore"—undisturbed by any other sound than the tinkling of the cow-bells and the musical chimes of town and village belfry, ringing out gently—quaint old tunes that were familiar centuries ago!

November 6th. Every day it is a twice-told tale.

Strong Russian re-inforcements have caused the Germans to withdraw from the Vistula.

The morasses and lack of railways rendered it desirable for General von Hindenburg to take up a position further back.

The great struggle on the Yser has died down leaving both sides in possession of their main position. The inundations of the Yser have been a powerful help to the Belgians, who fought furiously during the bayonet attacks, shouting, "Louvain" and "Dendermonde."

In normal times the water from the river also inundates the low-lying Polder country; but now the sluices are opened.

So, in Flanders, as in Northern France, the tension continues almost unabated.

It would seem that the German Commander has given up the plan to break through the line of the Allies between the sea and Dixmude and has commenced a new assault further to the south-east.

Strong re-inforcements are brought to both sides, and it is possible another furious battle will develop.

Lieutenant-General von Falkenhayen, the Prussian Minister of War, takes the place of Field-

Marshall General von Moltke who is on the sick list.

The last loop-hole to peace in the Far East has been closed.

Therefore, out of the European crash and thunder, through the smoke and din of French, Galician, Bosnian battle-fields, a gigantic figure rises over the city of Constantine—"a figure clothed in Khaki, carrying a Mauser rifle, but above its fez-capped forehead gleams the crescent moon of Othman."

And who knows what strength of plan and purpose, what strength and strategy of armed men lies behind the walls of Imperial Stamboul?

English warships bombard the forts at the entrance to the Dardenelles without producing any effect.

England is in fear of the Turkish invasion of Egypt, and a terrible outbreak of anti-English feeling amongst the native population is inevitable.

Several reports come of a Bedouin raid from Palestine.

The Persian Ambassador at St. Petersburg has handed to the Russian Government a demand for the immediate withdrawal of all Russian troops from Persian territory, this is Persia's ultimatum.

What will Bulgaria and Roumania do?

All eyes are turned to the two Balkan powers whose decision may add new complications to an already complicated situation.

To the great chain of war is added a new link day by day.

And to the Colony at The Hague, a new race, a new color, for the former Turkish Ambassador in London, Tewfik Pasha, and his staff have arrived.

The Hotel des Indes gives hospice to the Swedish, Danish, German diplomats, the Governor of Antwerp, Belgians, Russians, and Americans on special missions of relief and so forth.

If it was not for the tragedy of it, it would be a comedy.

Kiatschau has surrendered to the Japanese and thus the German possession on which so much has been lavished is lost to the Kaiser.

There was no chance from the beginning for this brave colony on the edge of the China Sea. Men never fought and held out so heroically to the end against certain defeat. The Germans had no chance numerically. Six-thousand against sixty-two thousand, no chance against Japanese warships and Japanese bombardment, to save this much treasured possession.

There are many who believe that the fall of Kiatschow will prove the first link in a chain of complications involving Chinese and American interests in China.

China, however, is still powerless and America follows a policy of acquiescence and suffers the Japanese to nestle in the South Pacific Islands although they are a direct danger for the Philippines and the Samoa Islands and raises no protest to the capture of Kiatschou.

While the desperate struggle has been and is going on in Flanders, the tenacious forces in

France proceed without a pause, yet without causing any marked weakening on either side.

The first sea-fight in the present war has taken place near the island of Santa Maria, off the Chilian coast.

The German Admiral von Spee, has informed the Chilian authorities that the fighting lasted for about an hour, and ceased at nightfall.

At Valparaiso, it is thought that the German squadron received wireless information regularly, which does not seem to have been the case with the British ships, and that the "Good Hope" had been last seen, making for the coast at full speed and enveloped in flames.

Evidently the German cruisers were lying in wait for the British ships when the latter were coaling at Caronel, attacking them as soon as they left port and before they had time to arrange themselves in battle order.

A number of German cruisers appeared on November 3rd near Yarmouth and opened bombardment.

England issues a formal declaration of war on Turkey and has annexed Cyprus—an island which has been occupied by her troops since 1874.

Cyprus, with its population of two-hundred and fifty-thousand has been the scene of many stirring events in history from the time of the Phoenicians and Greeks.

Nothing can do away with the great fact that German guns have thundered against the coast of Britain.

It is a terrible awakening for the British nation, instead of British warships bombarding the German harbors, the German projectiles are falling on British soil, German submarines in the Channel, German warships on the East Coast of Britain, German mines on the North Coast of Ireland, so England is forced on her own coast to defend herself against Germany.

Battles are waged on sea and on land.

November 12th. Already three months of confusion and carnage have passed and in the wake of war comes many horrors, much suffering.

Famine threatens Belgium and fifty large firms have, through the American Minister at The Hague, put in a claim of two-hundred and fifty-million francs as compensation from England for the destruction of their goods by English troops, this destruction not having taken place during the defence of Antwerp, but after the evacuation of the city by the retreating English.

America has been splendid in her help and through an arrangement with Holland, supplies are sent direct, and the secretaries of the American Legation go to distribute relief to Antwerp, Brussels and other Belgian towns.

The Dutch have shown human nature in its best and most loveable light and have no small problem to deal with.

They are taxed to their utmost in caring for the homeless and cheering the helpless.

The winter is coming on, and they have their

own poor—their home charities, which must not be neglected for the refugee.

The mobilization of Holland costs three-hundred and twenty-thousand dollars per day.

It would be idle to deny that from an economic stand-point, Holland has suffered severely from the great struggle now raging on every side and the question confronts the country as to how best to raise the huge sum of money needed by the Government to meet these special circumstances.

The decision rests between a loan and a forced levy on the high classes of tax-payers.

We hear Ysaye, who has given us such dreams, such mystical music, was three days in a fishing boat, before reaching the English coast, lost all of his valuable manuscript and not a day goes by but one does not hear some sad, some pitiful story.

Friends and families are hopelessly separated.

In the daily paper, half French, half English, there is a column of advertisements for lost refugees, one seeks a son, another a wife, another a father, and several names will be grouped together looking for a lost comrade who was last in Malines, or last heard from in Antwerp and so on.

There is many a heart-rendering sight, many a heard-rendering story and it is like looking for a needle in a hay-stack to start the search for the lost ones of these poor bereft creatures, driven hither and thither, interned in Germany, or transported to England.

Can one not, on the spot, realize, the utter despair of this state of things, and money, food and clothing are needed in abundance to help these innocent victims.

The middle-class of Belgium has been taxed to the utmost and given its last penny; the rich mostly remain abroad.

A series of sad sights indeed!

There is also a very difficult question to deal with regarding the prisoners of war of England and Germany.

The intense bitter feeling grows apace between the two countries and one cannot help but feel the flame is fanned by England's yellow press stirring up further strife.

Berlin issues an official statement "the treatment of non-combatant Germans between the ages of 17 and 55 years interned in Great Britain has caused the German Government to inform the British Government that British subjects in Germany will be similarly treated if the German subjects have not been released on the 15th inst., at latest."

As yet no answer.

This is a very regrettable state of affairs, whereby many innocent people will suffer in many ways.

America again tries to come to the rescue and sends her tried men and true to use all their influence to bring about an understanding and to solve this perplexed and very sorry question.

Also the closing of the North Sea by England

has raised a storm of protest in all countries concerned. Holland as well as Sweden, Denmark and Norway.

The shipping of these states is more or less stranded in the interest of England.

The pretence that England has to act as she does in consequence of Germany's breach of international rules is taken at its value; for it is known the German Navy has restricted itself laying mines only within the three-mile zone of the English coast and this high-handed action of England has caused the three Scandinavian countries to lodge a joint protest in London.

The German Government officially protests against the false accusations made by Britain that German hospital and merchant ships had been guilty of the placing of mines.

On the other hand, in the South of the North Sea and the channel, a number of mines of Great Britain and France are drifting about which have not lost their power.

The way along the Downs and the East Coast of England involves serious danger while the Northern Sea is free of mines.

Lord Loreburn, who, for a number of years was Lord Chancellor of England, declared in a book—"On private property in a Naval War" published last year, that a proposal to close the entire North Sea from Dover and Calais to the Shetland Isle and Bergen, would be a distinct violation of the neutrality of such lands, as Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

But English ideas and ideals of former days and the present differ widely.

In 1909, Sir Edward Grey publicly described the Belgian rule in the Congo State as "indistinguishable from slavery"—on October 22nd of the same year, he stated in Sheffield, that the Congo natives were forced through most inhuman methods to hardest manual labor without the least compensation.

It was then imperatively urged that in all its African possessions Belgium should adopt the humane policies of England and of Germany.

Both of the latter Governments had expended considerable sums on the up-building of their colonies, whereas the Belgians were simply preying upon and despoiling their Congo Colony.

Thus, the growth of Antwerp was largely due to the wealth created through the blood and the suffering of the Congo natives.

In July 1911, in a "Nineteenth Century" article entitled—"La Force Noire,"—Max Montesole criticised the enrolling of African troops in the French army.

He wrote:—"I protest against their being transported from their country like chained tigers, to be unloosed against Europeans."

This seems all very strange reading in view of present events and past ideals.

News comes that the "Emden," that swift and daring little cruiser, which had captured the public imagination by its ceaseless assaults on British

commerce, has been surprised and destroyed in the Indian Ocean, off the Keeling Islands.

Now Britain, through her Allied Fleets gains the semblance of supremacy over the ocean.

Commander von Müller is saved, and with him Prince Franz Joseph von Hohenzollern, is taken prisoner.

The British papers pay tribute to this brave, chivalrous enemy, who has fulfilled his duties so loyally, so ably, and recognized that although he inflicted losses amounting to many millions of pounds sterling, he always acted with the most perfect courtesy, without causing needless loss of life, or unnecessary damage, always minutely observing the laws of war, and his name will go down gloriously in history.

Warfare! Modes and methods of war are in the throes of changing, fortifications are henceforth of but small avail, seafare changes also.

It will be no longer the ambition of every country to float so many proud Dreadnoughts a year, but to construct as many submarines as the Exchequer permits, and the people vote.

It is this destructive, unseen enemy that is the strength and backbone of Germany's navy.

The submarine, so far, has done much damage to the enemy's fleet; it is to the submarines that we must look for the protection of our lands, not so much to the powerful awe-inspiring Dreadnaught.

To Italy are flying Germans and Austrians who have to leave Egypt and a brother of the Khedive,

Prince Mohamed Ali, and the Egyptian princes, Hussem and Assis Hassan all expelled by the British.

Every effort has been made by France and England to bribe the Italian Government, by virtual promises of Trieste and the Trientmer region, to declare war against its former Allies.

The third and last element of this pacific program was therefore the attempted seduction of Italy from the Triple Alliance by raising the Irredentist hopes of winning from Austria this Trent district in South Tyrol which Italy so covets.

Telegrams state the French troops under the command of General Aymerich have seized the main part of the German Congo, which in 1911, was ceded to Germany, in exchange for relinquishing her claim in Morocco.

The whole Ubangi district is said to be again in the possession of the French.

The Germans re-take Dixmude, one of the storm centres of the furious struggles which have marked the German efforts to cross the frontier into France and advanced towards Dunkirk and Calais. But the sudden appearance of the Russians on the German frontier show that the slow-moving masses of the Czar are now in onward movement.

A *boulversement* of the whole European world, East and West, a European cyclone, a European earthquake—what you will! And if calm and peace ever come, many peoples and many nations will have to "find themselves!"

November 17th. The week-end brings but little change in Flanders, where battles on dykes and dunes are impeded by the mists and fogs which add more terrors to the battlefields and artillery duels boom steadily.

From Flushing the heavy boom of guns can be heard from the Belgian coast.

It is an open question if the changed conditions of the weather will materially alter the line and force of decision, for the land of the Yser and the Lys is inundated and rain, snow and icy-winds reign supreme.

The fear of sharp frost is troubling the armies in Belgium and France; but when the biting cold and approaching winter comes in Poland and East Prussia will be even a more serious question.

Napoleon's campaign is yet fresh in the memory when no enemy but an icy frost, accomplished his defeat in the Beresina.

In 1813, it was proved, that while the Russian soldier could bear up against the cold, the Western soldier gave out.

It remains to be seen if the hardy-bred, enduring Teuton, can conquer wind and weather as well as foes.

Lord Roberts, the famous British Field Marshal, is dead, from illness contracted on a visit to Indian troops in France.

In his eighty-two years he has seen much service from the moment when he distinguished himself at the Siege of Delhi, during the mutiny, to

his becoming Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

During this time he has served three sovereigns in turn, who have showered on him honors and gold, adoration and love.

He never failed; his soldiers were faithful, his Sepoys and Sikhs rushed into the fire for him, and England lost a hero, an adviser, and the entire German press states that "even in war, there are moments, when a warrior salutes the enemy with his sword, and the death of Lord Roberts brings one such moment."

Holland, this Pays Bas, still struggles bravely with her difficulties.

The amount of the war loan that is proposed is two-hundred and seventy-five million florins, which will only be sufficient if the war and its direct consequences do not last longer than another six months, that is, than April 1915. The Council of State is said to have approved the bill.

The registration bureau is working well, at least three-hundred of the lost are found and located.

Holland, not in war, is busy with war, effects of war!

In Constantinople it is declared that never before has the Khalifate, in the same form as at present unfolded the banner of the Holy War, even the holy wars carried on by Islam, at the time of the crusades could not be compared with this event.

When the word is given, every Mohammedan knows his duty. Hundreds of thousands of pil-

grims coming to Medina and Mecca receive the order.

The ex-Khedive, Abbas Helin, will be obliged this year to extend his stay on the Bosphorus.

The Khedive is now preparing to accompany the Turkish army in its campaign against the British in Egypt and believes in Allah's help to crown his efforts with success.

This war is titanic.

It grows more fearful, more frightful every day.

Can there be no dove of peace to let loose?

Have the neutral powers no power to combine for the forcing of an armistice, or arrangements for peace, to stay the riotous murder of all the peoples of the earth?

Nation after nation is being drawn into a struggle whose continuance can serve no ideal end whilst it is slaying or destroying the noblest youthful powers of Europe, and leaving only the names of some famous towns on the map. The sufferings of hundreds of thousand are becoming unbearable.

Human woe is rising to heaven, witnessing against religion and civilization.

Is not the moment come to attempt to save what there is yet to save? Two countries are indicated for this task, the kingdom of the Netherlands and the Republic of the United States of North America.

The Queen Wilhelmina is honored and popular in our country over the seas, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs is generally known and esteemed

in our Republic. Cannot both Governments now under these favorable conditions and circumstances together prepare for the task of offering their Mediation?

The "Algemein Handelsblad" urges this through its press, stating a like opportunity may not easily occur as the present, which refers to the departure of the American Minister at the Hague for a vacation at Washington, believing his presence there a fortunate occasion to bring Holland and America together in a united plan, an armistice plan, a peace plan!

That a powerful word could be spoken, is quite true, if one has the right spokesman, but the "bringer" together of these two powers, the one who is to let loose the dove of peace, must be one whose official neutrality is unquestioned, *sans reproache,* no matter *what* may be his private convictions and opinions, which is *not* the case with the American Minister at the Hague, *who is* most professedly anti-German and has this reputation, not only in the Hague but all over Europe.

A Minister Plenipotentiary of a neutral country to a neutral country must retain absolute neutrality, in speech and action if there is to be any chance for World Understanding, for World Peace.

It would prove a great honor to Holland if it was Holland's Queen who had the high courage to speak the first word, that will show the people of Europe the way to a lasting peace.

The possibility of a solution *must* be considered.

It is unbearable to look on at the massacre of the flower of Europe's manhood the hope for the Future.

If only the Christmas bells could gladly, gloriously ring out from world end to world end:

"Peace on Earth—Good Will towards Man."

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